

Heavy Frosh Vote Returns Unity Candidates

'Music Penetrates Into Inner Temple Unseen Universe' Says Nichols In Philosophical Address

"Physical Basis of Music" is Topic for Second Meeting of Philosophical Society

DEMONSTRATES WITH ORGAN

Defines Meaning of Sound and Points Out the Differences Between Noise and Tone

"Our modern world is not more distinctively the age of science than it is the age of music; music is the art of the age of knowledge," said Dr. L. H. Nichols in his address to the Philosophical Society on Wednesday evening. "The Physical Basis of Music" was his subject.

"Music is an emotional symbolism, suggesting that which lies beyond all words and thought. 'Where words end, there music begins.' Music can never cease to be emotional, because

thought, in proportion as it is deep and earnest, always blends into feelings. All sciences lead us up to the threshold of the inner creation, this unseen universe; all arts pass through the open door into the vestibule of this inner temple. Music takes us by the hand, boldly leads us within and closes the door behind us.

"I am aware that many persons are somewhat perturbed at the thought of probing into the fundamental facts of a beloved art, and shrink at the prospect of cherished mysteries being dispelled. I feel that their experience will be the same as mine. My enjoyment of the sounds from the organ, for instance, has been in no way diminished. Moreover, it is very probable that this evening you will be introduced to more new mysteries than will be explained away.

"There are two separate and distinct meanings of the word 'sound' which I would like to have clearly before us. Sound may be defined as the sensations resulting from the action of an external stimulus on the sensitive nerve endings of the ear. This is the psychological view of it. However, the physicist uses the word sound to designate the vibrations of the sounding body itself, or those vibrations which are set up by the sounding bodies in the air, and which are capable of directly affecting the ear, even though there be no ear to hear. I am speaking about sound from the physicist's point of view, but I may inadvertently pass to that of the psychologists."

Dr. Nichols then described the nature and characteristics of sound waves. He differentiated between noises and tones. Psychologically, these are simply terms of contrast. The difference is chiefly a matter of taste. Physically, there are means of determining the question more precisely. A pure tone is intrinsically simple mechanically. On the other hand, a noise is a sound of too short duration or of too irregular structure to be analyzed or understood by the ear. This may have some bearing on some aspects of modern music. The ear, because of lack of training or from the absence of suitable standards for comparison, or perhaps on account of fatigue, often fails to appreciate the character of sounds, and relaxing the attention, classifies them as noises.

"There are three characteristics of 'tones': pitch or frequency, loudness or intensity, and tone color or wave form. Experiment shows that pitch depends upon a very simple condition, namely, the number of vibrations per second. Loudness or intensity calls for no explanation, but the quality of music known as 'tone color' or 'timbre' is a complicated subject, rather difficult to illustrate. With comparatively little practice, one can acquire the ability to recognize with ease any one of a series of musical instruments when they produce tones of the same loudness and pitch. There is an almost infinite variety of tone color. Not only do different instruments have characteristics of their own, but individual instruments of the same family shown delicate shades of difference.

Many of us are able to distinguish singers' voices one from the other when each has made a record of the same piece of music. Very fine shades in tone color make all the difference to the discriminating ear. The same comment can be made concerning different violinists' control of tone color or of pianists' renditions on the same piano. Some we will pay high prices to hear, and some we merely read about in the papers.

"Strange as it may seem that notes jangled out of tune and harsh sounds give pleasure to anyone of average intelligence, yet the abundance of evidence that they do indicates that the training of the youthful ear to discriminate between the pure and the impure is not to be neglected.

"Let the music lover not be content with imperfect intonation, let him learn to detect all the shades of timbre which instruments and voices afford, let him train himself to perceive the many varieties and contrasts which are due to the relative prominence of overtones, and let him try to analyze the thick current of, say, the full orchestra into its elements."



Flo Brent, who will play the patient, persevering wife continually nagged by a half-insane sister-in-law in the Senior play, "Still Stands the House," on November 29.



Don McCormick, hard working President of the Philharmonic Society, who this week announced the selections for leading roles in "The Mikado." He reports excellent progress in rehearsals.

"Mass Meeting" Discussion Over Gateway Policy Develops Into Personal, Hectic Arguments

Speakers Pro and Con Offer Criticism About Student Paper

PROVOST WRITE FLUFFY-STUFF?

Editor-in-Chief Tells Small Group Ideas Impractical—Attendance Shows Students Satisfied

Much heralded but poorly attended, a Public Speaking Club Open Forum was held Wednesday night. Because of recent criticism of The Gateway, the club called the meeting in the hope that something constructive might be offered the paper.

Attended by some 25 souls (including nine Gateway members), the meet was opened by Chairman Betty Ritchie, who asked if the criticism of The Gateway had been just. Mr. Terry Oldford was the first to take the floor, and admitted that since last week, when he had criticized the paper, he had learned some of the troubles which The Gateway was up against, but he asked, did The Gateway satisfy the student body as a whole.

One member asked if The Gateway couldn't improve by producing one edition a week. Some members asked for a journalism course in the University or academic credits for Gateway work.

A fifth year Med, in the form of A. J. S. Hay, was the chief critic of Mr. Wedman's efforts, and took up the call for more serious writing. He charged that there was no serious publication on the campus and no permanent record of the year's activities.

Jim Woods rose in defence of The Gateway, and pointed out that the paper was perfectly balanced with the right amount of light reading, seasoned by enough heavy "stuff" to change in either way would cause a greater unbalance and more discussion.

As the meeting drew on it developed into a verbal battle between a "sour grapes" attitude on one side and an "aw nuts" slant on the other. Gateway critics offered suggestions ranging from paying students sending papers home to money to having the Provost write "Fluffy Stuff."

Heavy articles, more academic achievement articles and stories of student problems were the desire of the critics; while Gateway members thought that such articles were given enough space, and that any further write-ups would turn the paper into another lecture. Most students desired more news about the pros and wanted them to write features. Roger Flumerfelt wanted a personality column.

Finally, Mr. Wedman, Managing Editor of The Gateway, rose to answer his critics. He pointed out how the few suggestions were impractical and noted the printing troubles of the paper. The meeting then stretched into a controversy between the editor and Mr. Hays. Ed Lewis, Union Treasurer, rose in defence of The Gateway, saying he was well satisfied with it, and said that so must be the students or there would be a larger turn-out for the meeting.

Finally, at 9:30, the "Hays" cleared up; the Public Speaking Club passed a vote of thanks to The Gateway. Mr. Wedman woke up the rest of his staff and they headed for Tuck well satisfied that the paper well deserved its rank as the best college newspaper in Canada.

NOTICE

Applications will be received by the undersigned from any faculty club on the campus to sponsor the Undergraduate Dance, which will be held on the second Friday in January, 1941.

C. W. ROBSON,
Secretary, Students' Union.

Men's Residences Complain Food Quality, Prices

Students in the men's residences at the University are protesting the increase of \$2.50 per month in the board charged to them. The Men's House Committee took over a petition circulated by a group of students and signed by approximately 90 per cent. of the 250 students in residence. The petition has also been circulated and signed in Pembina Hall.

Petitioners contend that in view of an average surplus of nearly \$5,000 in the dining hall over a period of the past few years, they should not be charged this extra sum. In 1938-39 the surplus was close to \$9,000.

The petition is to be presented to the Provost and the Bursar of the University, and ultimately it may reach the Board of Governors, under whose jurisdiction such matters lie.

Up to press time no definite developments had come of the move. The House Committee would not release a copy of the petition for publication.

Grad. '37 Gives Colombia Talk

Geologists Hear West

Speaking before the Mining and Geological Society Wednesday, W. West, a graduate in geology from Alberta in 1937, stated that production of oil in Colombia has been practically suspended due to a lack of markets a result of the present European conflict. His subject was "Three Years in Colombia."

For the past three years Mr. West was employed as a geologist at Bagota, and in the oil fields in the Magdalena Valley. At the present time he is holidaying at the coast. He is not returning to South America.

A feature of the Colombian oil fields, he stated, is the fact that pressure decreases rapidly, with the result that production must be secured by pumping.

Colombia was discovered about the time of Columbus, early explorers being attracted by its gold. Since that time other minerals and resources have been discovered, and with the introduction of American and European capital, roads and railways have been constructed and a modernized system of education introduced in 1932.

Students at Alberta would be particularly interested by the fact that the physiography of the country is similar to that of British Columbia and Alberta. Three mountain ranges run through the country, with open prairies to the east of the mountains.

At the business meeting preceding Mr. West's address, Dr. P. S. Warren was named honorary president of the society.

Mining and Geological Society executive for this year consists of Jack Phillips, president; Bill Farnio, vice-president; Mike Feniak, secretary-treasurer, with Gordon Sissons the third year representative.

Debate Society Lacks Support

University of Alberta will send a debating team to the University of Saskatchewan and will field a team to oppose a duo of debaters coming here from Manitoba, if it is possible to find four willing, capable and experienced debaters to compose such teams, Blair Fulton, president of the Literary Society, informed The Gateway recently.

These teams will be competing for the McGoun Cup, emblematic of debating supremacy among the four Western Canadian Universities, and their representatives will meet simultaneously in each of the universities on January 10, 1941.

However, during the last several months three separate presidents have been elected to the Debating Society, and each in turn has been forced to resign for one reason or another. One of the major reasons being the lack of co-operation and interest shown by the student body in completing the tremendous amount of work that falls to the executive of the society, by accepting some of the minor executive offices.

For the same reason, the president of the Literary Society questions the likelihood of there being a sufficient number of capable, experienced students willing to try-out. Trials for the posts on the intercollegiate debating teams will be held about Dec. 1st.

Last season the Huggill Trophy for interfaculty debating was made a challenge trophy, for which any faculty on the campus at any time it chose could challenge the holding faculty to defend the cup or forfeit it on default. During last session the Lawyers were the only faculty to issue such a challenge, and now the cup rests among the tomes of the senior Law library. To date no other faculty has tried to lift the cup from the Lawyers.

Unity Slate Polls Solid Vote In Freshman Election; Defeat Engineer Candidates Thurs.

René Boileau, Arts and Med Student, Selected as President of Class '44

IS REVOLUTION

Hectic Campaigning by Engineers Fails to Place One Man On Executive

Breaking a monopoly that the Engineers have held for the past few years on the executive of the Freshman Class, first year students on Thursday failed to elect even one member of that powerful and august faculty as they swept in a solid Unity slate in one of the heaviest votes seen in many years. Thursday's election climaxed more than a week's hectic campaigning, as the groups sought bigger and better means of swaying their voting public.

In the race for the presidency, René Boileau, first year Arts and Dentistry, left his opponent, Bill Knapp, far in the rear as he piled up a total of 212 votes as against 146 for Knapp.

Freshette Med Pat Foster rolled up an impressive 201 score to beat House Ecceer Margaret Shaw's 154.

Only Aggie to get on the executive, Jack Timmins, beat out well known Jack Leask, who this year is taking his first year in Engineering.

Very few votes separated the top three in the executive. Cliff Prowse, Commerce's lone contribution to the Unity slate, George Morris, another Dent, and Edythe Virtue, Nursing, all ranged around the two hundred mark. The three other contestants averaged 150 votes.

Unity slate was a coalition of Agriculture, Arts, Commerce and Medicine.

On the whole, voting was by bloc. There are in the neighborhood of 140 Engineers. Their vote seems to have been solid, with little outside support. Following is the newly elected executive:

President: René Boileau.
Vice-President: Pat Foster.
Sec.-Treasurer: Jack Timmins.
Executive: Cliff Prowse, Edythe Virtue, and George Morris.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CONTINGENT, C.O.T.C.

Part I Orders—No. 25
By Lieut.-Col. P. S. Warren, Officer Commanding, Edmonton, Alberta, 15 November, 1940.

1. Last Orders No. 24, dated 8 November, 1940.
2.—Duties:
Orderly Officer for week ending 23 November, 1940: Lieut. J. C. Staples, Sgt. Bishop, R. H. Next for duty, for week ending 30 November, 1940: Lieut. D. P. McDaniel, Sgt. Gardam, C. M.

3.—Parades:
Monday, Wednesday, Friday, on the following schedule:

Infantry—B Coy, 5, 6, 7: 1600-1700 hrs., M-158, Lecture; 1700-188 hrs., Drill Hall; D Coy, 13, 14 and 15: 1600-1700 hrs., Lieut.-Col. Strickland; 1700-180 hrs., Lieut. Burka; C Coy, 9, 10, 11 and 12: 1600-177 hrs., Drill Hall; 1700-1800 hrs., M-152, Lecture; D Coy, 16: 1600-1700 hrs., Lieut. Burka; 1700-1800 hrs., Lieut.-Col. Strickland.

Artillery, Schedule "A"—A Coy. 1 (part): 1600-1700 hrs., A-235, Dr. Campbell; 1700-1800 hrs., A-142, Dean Weir; A Coy. 1 (part): 1600-1700 hrs., M-136, Lt. Hewetson; 1700-1800 hrs., Drill Hall, A/B.S.M. Leacock; A Coy. 2: 1600-1700 hrs., Drill Hall, A/B.S.M. Leacock; 1700-1800 hrs., M-136, Lt. McDaniel.

Artillery, Schedule "B"—A Coy. 1 (part): 1600-1700 hrs., A-235, Dr. Campbell; 1700-1800 hrs., A-142, Dean Weir; A Coy. 1 (part): 1600-1700 hrs., Drill Hall, A/B.S.M. Leacock; 1700-1800 hrs., M-136, Lt. Hewetson; 1700-1800 hrs., Drill Hall, A/B.S.M. Leacock.

This week: Artillery—Monday and Friday, Schedule "B"; Wednesday, Schedule "A". These schedules will obtain until further notice.

4.—Lectures:
Dr. Campbell: Advanced Artillery.
Lieut. Hewetson: Artillery Organization.

Lieut. McDaniel: Artillery (Gun-nery).
Dean Weir: Advanced Military Law.

Lieut.-Col. Strickland: Monday, Field Engineering; Wednesday, Hygiene and Sanitation; Friday, Map Reading I.

5.—Regimental Numbers:
All personnel of the C.O.T.C. (except officers) have been given regimental numbers. These must be memorized. Personnel on the waiting list have no numbers.
C. R. TRACY,
Lieutenant-Adjutant,
University of Alberta Contingent,
Canadian Officers' Training Corps.

NOTICE

Regular Saturday Night House Dance will be held in Athabasca gym on Nov. 16 at 8 p.m. Tickets are at the usual price. Cec Lewis and his boys will be on hand to provide their usual brand of high class musical melodies.

Council Decides Hold Christmas Fund Campaign

Defeats War Contact Motion

RINK PROGRESSING

Council went through perhaps the shortest meeting on record for a long time Wednesday, as a bare quorum of members debated for only fifty-five minutes. There was very little on the agenda, but what there was demanded immediate attention.

Most important item was the appointment of a Council committee to organize and supervise the coming campaign for the Christmas fund. Ed Lewis, Union treasurer, was appointed chairman. He will be assisted by Jack Butterfield, Marg Willox and Jean Robertson.

After considerable discussion as to whether Alberta should follow the example of other Canadian universities and donate the proceeds of the Christmas carnival to some patriotic organization, or provide some Christmas good cheer to members of the University in active service, it was felt that students would be doing more by contributing to a fund for sending hampers to hard hit country districts.

This plan follows the procedure of past years. Hampers of clothing and groceries are prepared and sent out to district nurses, who distribute them to the most needy of their charges. This work is done through the co-operation of the Provincial Department of Public Health.

Last year a sum of \$360.00 was raised. This provided hampers for ten districts, the majority of them in the northern part of the province.

Treasurer Ed Lewis presented a report on the progress of work on the outdoor rink. The fence has been completed, thought it is not erected as yet. Floodlights of a type not used elsewhere in Western Canada have been ordered. A special effort has been made to have the city install the water as soon as possible.

Lewis definitely stated that given the proper weather, students should be able to skate well before Christmas.

Acting on the decision of the Board of Governors to refund fees in full to students joining the R. C. A. F. during the course of the scholastic year, Council passed a motion authorizing the remission of Students' Union fees to any student joining the active service forces.

Speakers Clash Mid-Week Forum

Gathering for their first meeting of the 1940-41 session, the Open Forum will advance the pros and cons of the controversial question, "Resolved that Present Political Democracy Contains the Germ of its own Destruction," on Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8 p.m. in Med. 158.

Under the chairmanship of Eugene La Brie, president of the Political Science Club, which is sponsoring the forthcoming meeting, it will get under way with J. T. Burger, first year Law, and Terence Oldford, second year Ag, upholding the affirmative side of the question.

Former president of the Public Speaking Club, James Ross, third year Ag, and Eric Conybeare, fourth year Arts and Science, will advance arguments for the negative side of the controversy.

Open Forum discussions of previous years have always drawn considerable discussion and debate from students and off-the-campus visitors on the floor of the house. With a topic under discussion that is such a momentous issue in the world today, the standard established in previous seasons should be maintained.

The Open Forums are sponsored by the Political Science Club, the Debating Society and the Public Speaking Club in turn. The coming meeting is sponsored by the Political Science Club.

Interyear Plays Progress Well; Final Date Near

Junior Director Leaves Hospital to Resume Duties

JONES IS ADVISOR

Seniors' "Still Stands the House" Serious Drama

With the date for the interyear plays set at November 29th, the casts and directors may be found almost any night in the week in some room of the Arts building very busily preparing for the great contest. From all reports it seems as if the contest should be one of the best ever presented, and should prove extremely entertaining.

The Senior play, "Still Stands the House," is progressing very well. E. M. McDwyn Jones is not taking part in it, as was suggested in a previous edition of The Gateway, but is still carrying on as the advisor for all the groups.

The Juniors had some difficulty this year, and have been practicing without a director for the past few weeks, due to the absence of John Aitken, who has just come out of the hospital following an appendectomy. However, the cast has been working hard, and according to John, they are doing fine without him. The play is the "House of Juke," and the cast includes Tom McDonald, Wilson MacKenzie, Audrey Ladler, Isobel Dean and Pete Pookhay.

John says it should be good, and as for winning, they may not, but it won't be hard to see that they tried their best.

The Freshman play is also working hard to try and carry off the honors in the coming competition. The play, "Teapot on the Rocks," is under the direction of Miss Mary Watson, and includes a cast of six. They are Beverly Dahl, Arthur Boileau, Shauna Little, Max Grant, Kathleen Lind and Bill Harrison. Practices have shown it to be quite promising, and although they are not yet fully prepared, they promise to show the other classes that they are as good as, if not better, than the rest.

With all the casts doing their best to win, the audience should be treated to a real show of first-class dramatic productions.

Start Work For Varsity Station

Preliminary excavation work for the new 1,000-watt transmitter unit for the University of Alberta radio station CKUA has started at a point three miles south of the city on the west side of the Calgary highway.

Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, president, said Tuesday.

The University has acquired a plot of land there large enough to accommodate two steel towers, a transmission house and the necessary ground wires, he said.

Initial work is the first step in renovations to the station which may cost \$30,000. Work was approved last month by the Board of Governors.

Dr. Kerr said he did not know when the station's renovations would be completed owing to the uncertainties of obtaining radio equipment in war time. It is hoped to have the new station in use early in the new year.

With work under way at the transmitter site, it was believed that official sanction had been given for the power increase by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation technical department.

Studio is located in the building housing offices of the University Extension Department. Until the switch-over to the new high power is made, station will continue regular operations on its present power.

THE GATEWAY



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At a meeting of the Public Speaking Club Wednesday night, The Gateway came under fire, and constructive criticism about the paper was asked from those present. In spite of the extensive pains taken by the club officials to publicize the mass meeting, some thirty odd students attended. At least ten of these were Gateway staff members. This means to us one of two things. Either the rest of the student body had no constructive criticism to make, or they are satisfied with The Gateway as it is.

It would be wishful thinking to believe that there was no criticism of The Gateway on this campus, and such a placid attitude would be a deplorable one. The meeting indicated clearly that there is, but we do deny that there is any constructive criticism to be offered to The Gateway. This was also clearly shown by the meeting Wednesday. It achieved no purpose whatsoever, and was a first-class example of personal abuse and mud-slinging by some of those who had so-called grievances. There was very little, if any, criticism offered which would benefit this student newspaper. What was offered was impractical and entirely out of the question.

We were asked to state the aims of The Gateway and how we intended to achieve them. This was clearly stated in our first editorial of the year, but to clear up any doubts we repeat them. The Gateway will endeavor to be a student paper—by the students and, above all, for the students. That was our statement at that time, and we feel that so far that policy has been achieved. Where we have fallen short is in the phrase "by the students." That, however, is not our fault. We have given each and every student on this campus an opportunity to contribute to the columns of The Gateway. They have failed to do so, and by their failure to respond have lowered the possible standard of The Gateway. It could be improved, we admit, but as it stands now, the majority of the students are satisfied with it.

As we tried to point out to those present Wednesday night, The Gateway tries to interest, amuse and be instructive to the largest section of the student body as possible. It is impossible to satisfy everyone, but in so far as is evident, The Gateway is fulfilling its purpose.

The fault lies not with the paper but with the students, and until such time as they take measures to correct their apathetic attitude towards almost every phase of campus life, their outlook will necessarily be reflected in The Gateway.

There has always been a great deal of controversy on this campus regarding the policy of The Gateway, and a share of criticism of the chief personnel of the same. Some students "have always been quick to discover a fault where none exists rather than a virtue where virtues abound." Naturally, we welcome any constructive criticism—but we do insist that the criticism be preceded by a little thought. The criticism leveled at us Wednesday was not constructive, nor did it have any thought behind it. It came only from a small minority of the students, and until such time as the student body rises up as one man in protest against this paper and what is in it, we feel that we have a clear mandate to go ahead.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Cec Robson, Secretary of the Union, is calling for applications from any faculty club on the campus to sponsor the Undergraduate Dance, to be held on the second Friday in January, 1941. This is the chance that some of the more active societies have been waiting for. Get your applications in early.

This is the second time that The Gateway takes time out to report the visit to the campus of Don Carlson, former Editor-in-Chief of the paper. Don is

CASSEROLE



In recent weeks this column has been severely criticized. Let it please be understood that you are not forced or even asked to read Casserole. Think of the time it would save not having to read this column. No opening the paper to the inside and then turning back again to read the front page. So if you don't like it you can . . .

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."
"Sorry, suh, but if I take any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

College is a place where you would not be so smart as but would have more money if you had not gone to. A watch is something which if you look at long enough it will be too late to do what you were going to do before you looked at it.

If you've heard this one before you ought to be ashamed.

Wife (at Pearly Gates)—I have come to join my husband.

St. Peter—What was your husband's name?

"Joseph Smith."
"I'm afraid that will not be sufficient for us to identify him by. We have a lot of Joseph Smiths here. Is there any other means by which I can identify him?"

"Well, before he died he told me that if I ever kissed another man he would turn over in his grave."
"Oh! I know the chap. Up here we call him Whirling Joe!"

An old colored man got up one night in a revival meeting and said:

"Bruders and sisters, you knows an' Ah knows dat Ah ain't been what Ah oughter been. Ah'se robbed den-roots, an' stole hawgs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks w' mah razah, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swore; but Ah thank de Lawd dere's one thing Ah ain't nebber done; Ah ain't nebber lost mah 'ligion."

My! My! What a funny smell.

Traffic Cop—Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?

Old Lady—I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years.

Now you needn't take it that way.

Prof. Titt—Mr. Gungl, what three words are used most among college students?

Gungl—I don't know.

Prof. Titt—Correct.

May—June breaks the law at least once a week.

Fay—Why, what on earth do you mean?

May—Every time her coy boy friend takes her out he comes home broke.

Have you heard this one? Pardon, CENSORED

Yes, that's the way I meant it.

"Jane kissed me on the neck and it made me furious."

"Don't blame you. That's enough to make anyone hot under the collar."

The officer was giving a lecture to some militiamen on the advantages and methods of taking cover, and employed a map to illustrate his remarks.

"Now, Jones," he said, pointing to the map, "suppose you were on this ridge and could see the enemy advancing towards you in large numbers, what steps would you take?"

The reply of Private Jones was emphatic and to the point: "Deuced long steps, sir!"

There's the one going around about the student who threw away his conscience because all it did was bother him.

going to enter the ranks of the R.C.A.F., but he will leave someone behind. We ask all the friends of this admirable newspaperman to turn out to the office Saturday morning to welcome Don and his fiancée.

The male population of Turkey can now sympathize with their western brothers. Mehmet Kutsi Bedges, Turkish post-graduate student at Indiana University, in a talk before the International Relations Club reported: "The women have thrown away their veils, but we still can't see their faces, because they immediately adopted the western custom of the make-up."

We take this opportunity to welcome back to the campus Professor Dennis Healy of the French Department. He left early in October to offer his services to the R.C.A.F. Ear trouble has caused him to be refused, but as an officer in the C.O.T.C. he will be a valuable aid to this body, as well as to the students of French he will now be able to serve again.

THE GATEWAY

Wide-Eyed in Gotham

By Reuven Frank
A Canadian University Press Feature

(Political opinions expressed in this column are still those of the writer, as are all such personal opinions. "What a good boy am I!")

New York.—As you read, the election we have just had down here is nothing more than a vague memory, but as I write it is the day after. Returns are still incomplete, although there is not the slightest doubt of the outcome. The air is charged with excitement, and the streets littered with literature. It is impossible to think of anything else, to talk of anything else, to write of anything else but the presidential election.

I am now typing with my left hand, having sprained my right elbow patting myself on the back. Now that the election is over, let us look at the record, as Al Smith used to say (and look what happened to him). Gallup gave Willkie 18 states; Pathfinder (which was 100 per cent. correct in '36) gave him 29; Dunn survey also gave him 29; Reuters gave him 14; Wide-eyed in Gotham gave him five, and according to latest returns he got nine. (I hope this isn't boring you; I'm enjoying it hugely.) Gallup gave Willkie 193 electoral votes; Hurja's Pathfinder allotted him 363; Dunn, the poll that picked Landon, counted 368 Republican electoral votes, and Reuters estimated 165. Wide-eyed in Gotham gave Willkie 53 electoral votes, and as it stands at the time of writing he got 63.

Of course, we weren't absolutely correct, and did make some horrible blunders in our estimate, like saying Willkie would carry Pennsylvania. But we are not in the business. Actually, Messrs. Dunn, Hurja and even Gallup are no longer—but we never were. Kansas, Indiana, South Dakota and Iowa double-crossed us and went Willkie, as everyone else said they would. But we were close.

May we quote from three Wide-eyed in Gotham some time ago: " . . . it is going to be a landslide. Willkie must stand or fall by his reputation in business. And it is my opinion that he is going to fall. . . To the people in the know, it looks like Roosevelt, but by a cat's whisker. Well, I proclaim to one and all that the president will be re-elected by my uncle's beard. . . And my uncle has some beard."

Times Square on election night. Kindly notions of New York say that it happens only once in four years. I was on Times Square last night, and hazard that the like will never take place again. Where Seventh Avenue and Broadway meet, like Theorem I of your high school geometry, and Forty-second Street cuts through the intersection, hundreds of thousands of people gathered. Eyes were craned to the truncated triangle of the New York Times building, right on the square, where a moving electric sign brought the latest results. Shouting, yelling, blowing horns and noisemakers, cheering for Roosevelt, booing the other fellow, from Forty-eighth down to Thirty-eighth, hundreds of thousands of people. . .

The trends became apparent at about ten-thirty. At eight o'clock the hawkers sold synthetic Bronx cheers and large "I told you so" buttons. By ten o'clock it was "Roosevelt—I told you so." People started throwing campaign buttons in the air and waving hats and newspapers for the benefit of the news photographers and the eyes and ears of the world. Ten-thirty, and the issue was settled. There was still every chance that Willkie would be elected, but the crowd convinced



Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—It is not my purpose to enter a mud-slinging contest with the gentleman who so modestly signs himself "Defender of the Press." Since, however, he has shown so plainly a deliberate misunderstanding and misinterpretation of my letter and since he has strayed so far from an attack on my views (which I asked for), to a personal attack on myself, I should like, once more, to use your columns to answer him.

A man who is not prepared to sign his own name has little right to ask for mine. He has still less right to call me smug, self-centred, Lord of the Earth, imbecile, ignorant, conceited, disinterested, mentally deficient, and moronic.

These charges I ignore, as one ignores a cluster of flies. They annoy, but they do no serious harm. He has, however, implied with neither knowledge nor right that I have been and am unpatriotic. This is a charge which angers me and moves me far more deeply. I challenge this man to come forward and make his claim good (which he will not be able to do), or to come forward, as one who has made an ignorant mistake without thought or cause, and apologize.

I shall take no more of your space. I wrote my first letter as an attack on our University paper—I think a justified attack. If there are any students who feel as I do I hope they will say so. This second letter I write as an answer to a personal attack as untrue as it is unfair.

Yours truly,
STUDENT.

themselves. Riots would have ensued if the President had been defeated. The Broadway button hawkers were trying to get rid of the huge six-inch diameter buttons with photographs of Roosevelt and Willkie. "Come and get 'em, Roosevelt or Willkie. Willkie buttons half-price—today only."

Do you remember Borough President George U. Harvey of Queen's? Surely you do—the man who was going to move to Canada if Willkie were defeated. Well, he is staying right here. "I have changed my mind," he told the newspapers. "I'm not going to Canada. If 130,000,000 Americans can take it, so can I. They need me now more than ever." Which leaves him wide open for a remark, but I cannot think of one strong enough. Harvey's statement is somewhat similar to that of a businessman I heard downtown, who told a friend, "These people who voted for Roosevelt, they're un-American." There were thirty millions of them, mister.

At about ten, when things were just beginning to jell, a huge, new limousine drove east along Fifty-sixth and stopped at Broadway. In one corner of the windshield was an inconspicuous red, white and blue, "Win with Willkie" sticker. The chauffeur helped the neatly-dressed old lady out, and over to the Main Stem. The little old lady looked about her, and watched the sign on the Times Building, and heard the people cheering. Oh, my God! she said quietly, and went back to the car.

Many of the crowd used liquor to bolster their enthusiasm, and some of them were cockeyed. One of the latter group came reeling by us at eleven o'clock, his feet wide apart and staggering, his head down like a bull charging, shouting "Hooray for Willkie!" Someone caught him by the collar and asked, "What's that?" He drew back slightly and managed to pronounce, "Don't mind me, brother; I'm drunk." The hundreds (no fooling) of policemen were all on horseback, trying vainly to let the trolleys get through. Automobile traffic was halted at a little after ten in the evening, but lanes had to be maintained for trolleys, buses and ambulances.

With returns from a few obscure southern and New England hamlets in the morning papers put out their bulldog editions (tomorrow's news tonight) at ten o'clock on election day. The headlines mumbled obscurely about a close election, and pictured countless candidates grinning teeth at the polls. In the morning, the Times and the Herald-Tribune were unctuous, and the Mirror frothing at the mouth. They had supported Willkie. The afternoon saw the World-Telegram and The Sun still publishing, even though freedom would end with the third term—aye, and forever. They mentioned the fact that Roosevelt, F. D., had polled some few votes more than Willkie, W. L.

But the New York Post was happy. The Isolationist Daily News' support of the President had been half-hearted. FM is a miserable dying thing, so that The Post carried Roosevelt's fight in this city single-handed. And in letters fully a foot high (864 point, for you journalists), it proclaimed FDR—no more. It was a miserable, cloudy day today, with scattered rain and general chill-blains, but The Post said "Weather—Marvellous." That strange sound emanating from several buildings downtown is said to come from the stomachs of various columnists and editorial writers as they start, slowly, to eat their words.

And since this column has been such a successful prognosticator, we pick Philip Murray as next president of the C.I.O., and an almost immediate rapprochement between the two labor bodies.

One taxi-driver just off the Square refused a prospective customer, and told him to "stay and watch Roosevelt win." As the night progressed, everyone became comradely, and slapped strangers on the back, shouting, "It looks like we're winning." When McNary conceded the election, the roar was deafening. Every time Roosevelt went up in lights, cheers echoed from three hundred thousand throats, but a mention of Willkie or a plug for the New York Times brought hisses and catcalls. So, it's hurrah for our side, and if, by the time you read this there aren't fifty

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Programs for Week of Nov. 17th to 23rd

Monday, November 18—
12:15—Music and program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—The Barce Entertains.
1:15—Community Organization: Donald Cameron. CKUA-CJCL.
1:30—Health Board: F. Stacey. CKUA-CJCL.
1:45—Music.
2:00—"Presenting," CBC.
2:15—Masters of the Piano.
2:45—No Substitute For Mother. CBC.
5:30—Musically Speaking, CBC.
5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
6:00—With the Troops in England, CBC.
6:30—Organ Recital: L. H. Nichols.
7:00—Symphony Hour: Opera.

Tuesday, November 19—
12:15—Music and program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Organ Melodies.
1:15—Gateway News, CKUA-CJCL.
1:30—The Book Chat, CKUA-CJCL.
1:45—Music.
2:00—School Broadcast: Folk Music of the Americas, CBC.
2:30—Singers Past and Present.
2:45—Women in Blue, CBC.
5:15—Wauneta War Workers.
5:30—Today's Music, CBC.
5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:15—Highlights of Stage and Screen.
6:30—Chamber Music.

their way to Britain, I'll eat General Johnson.

At about three o'clock the crowd began to disperse. Thence home by the wrong subway, and much walking, to soak our feet in hot water, and so to bed.

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Shopping the World--An Account of a Student's Adventure in India

Ramble where you will, up and down or around this world of ours, and you will find only two types of shops or selling agencies—those in which the price is set and those in which the purchase price resolves itself into a struggle 'twixt seller and buyer, never to the advantage of the buyer, but, with proper technique, to a less-than-usual advantage to the seller.

We all know the routine of purchasing things in our own country—and the females haven't a monopoly on the art—but, despite the gallant efforts of some to make shopping a battle against the management, it really is quite tame compared with the routine gone through in the open markets of the world—using "open markets" in anything but the Wall Street sense.

It is in the bazaars of India, the shops of Ceylon, the streets of Shanghai and with the bum-boats of every port o' call that shopping becomes a real pleasure, and education.

First, speaking of India.

It's wonderful how the local vendors get wind of even an ordinary tramp's arrival and are on the spot to welcome her. Before we're tied up alongside, the mob is aboard. While the tugs are swinging us in; while the shore lines are still being paid out, the first venturesome bunch are over the side and setting out their goods under the boatdeck amidst their noisy exclamations and howls of terror as they just make the side form a lovely duet with the mate's roars, as he endeavors to make himself heard. He usually does. By the time the cables have been made fast, and before the gangway is down, all the vendors are aboard, and in a few minutes there is a miniature market for the lads to delight in. Laundry and provisioning agents are besieging the steward for his order; each one suggesting a bigger "cut" than the one before him. Elsewhere and catching the men, busy or not, are tailors, fortune tellers, shoemakers, silk merchants, jewellers, tobacco vendors, etc. A sailor is a marvel in rebuke, and rebukes are plentiful in this period of docking, but the salesmen are pleasant chaps. Outwardly at least. They are all for the idea of turning the other cheek or any other part of the anatomy affected. They have wonderful patience, too. One chap whose specialty was manuring, cutting out corns and cleaning out ears, squatted on a butt (not the partner of a brace) for two hours, on the promise of an order. When his turn came he gave a manuring demonstration on one finger-nail of a client's hand. It was like using a razor blade to trim the nails, but he didn't seem to mind when that was the limit of his order.

Amidships, the vendors were explaining to the green hands that they needn't pay just then; just order or take, to your heart's content, sign for it, and maybe soon Old Man give some money and you pay. Too true. So it wasn't long before the greens had run up fair-sized orders. Not much fun in that, you say. Maybe not, but a chap has to learn. Besides, a rupee doesn't seem very much.

Meanwhile, the old hands had been swapping used clothes for goods, or were commencing the bargaining process which would go on intermittently for at least three days.

Assuming that you are green, by the time the day has passed, a little light has managed to filter through into your innocent mind. You hail a mate with a pleased expression, "Ere, Joe; en't wunnerful? Two rupees for the whole lot." You are showing him a pair of silk pyjamas. He is likely to deflate your spirits somewhat by exhibiting a similar pair bought from the same source for one rupee four annas, and to cap it all, it isn't unlikely that somebody else will shame you both by getting them for just one rupee. Thus the initial fleeing progresses.

We are now ready to try the bazaar, the ultimate in bargaining possibilities. Price tags here are a rarity. The older hands have looked over the lay of the land and have laid their plans. The others are prepared to follow, after the first beating.

I might add that bargaining is not confined to the purchase of an ordinary commodity, but is applicable

also to the problem of transportation. Rickshaws and carriages, for example. I don't suppose you will remember a mention of one of the avoentice officers, in the notes on Shanghai, who would have loved to beard the Japanese soldier in his own bailiwick. He of the British nerve and audacity. Although green, he was not snipped by the vendors, and after driving about in a carriage for several hours on evening, found himself in a violent argument with the "cabby" as to the proper payment for services. Both ideas of payment were probably far out of the real proportion, but our friend suggested that they call one of the native policemen to settle the dispute. The driver would have none of this, however, and slunk off, leaving the lad the benefit of a free ride. This intrigued us as a method of getting free transportation.

The bazaar is really one large, low structure, spread over an area two or three blocks square and honey-combed within by passages and rows upon rows of shops, ranging from the dingy little tobacco stalls to the highly polished and gaudily draped jewelry shops. It is quite easy for a newcomer to lose himself in this maze, unless he were in our position. Whenever we showed signs of straying, a scantily clad figure would dart out from the throng and touch our arm to keep us on the right path. It was our driver. He wasn't going to lose sight of us until the trip was over and the fare paid.

Being a poor bargainer myself, I greatly admired my mate for his absolute lack of timidity. Whilst he was busy elsewhere, I noticed some rather fancy wrist watches, "Made in Switzerland." Upon asking the price, I learned that it was five rupees.

"Two rupees," I said, with an assumed carelessness that was as obvious as the smell of curry and the dung fires.

"Oh, Sahib! This good watch. Here, I put it on." He puts it on—me.

"Two rupees," I repeat, but it looks very nice, and I am beginning to weaken.

"Three rupees, Sahib," he answers. "Cost me three rupees."

We settle for two and one-half.

My mate sallies up fresh from a joust with the experts, sees the watch and takes a fancy for one like it. He asks for the price and receives the answer of five rupees.

"One and a half rupees," he rips out, and proceeds to point out more weak spots in the watch than a trouble-shooter would notice. The only answer from the other is the flash of some fine, white teeth, uncovered in a broad grin. We walk off.

"There's a limit to this bargaining, y'know," I said to him after we had gone a few steps.

"Maybe," he answered with a grin. "Just wait a minute."

Before we had taken two more steps the salesman was up with us. They had settled for two rupees. I don't know who was the more em-zinged at this new price, the vendor or myself. Anyway, I am certainly not a gentleman in his opinion, but I recovered my extra half rupee.

And still our faithful "cabby" followed.

There is more, but that will be "30" until we get the next "full ahead" from the Chief.

O Laddie, Laddie!

O laddie, laddie, pale and wan,
It's right I am, your lady's gone.
But soulful eyes
Is not the prize
To right the love that's gone a'wrong.

O come now, boy, throw back your head,
No matter what, you're not yet dead.
Your sor'ful face
Your sor'ful face
For when love's cold it should be fed.

Come now, lad, and break her spell,
And since you're free now, who can tell.

They're other arms,
And other charms,
So drink up laddies, what the Hell!
—O.A.C. Review.

SLIDE-RULE SLANTS

Seems this column skipped a beat last Friday. We wish to apologize for the omission—twas due to an unforeseen aftermath of a happy occurrence. The spirit was willing, but the body revolted.

Another of those unique meetings, which only Engineers are privileged to attend, was held on Thursday, Nov. 1st. It took the form of an evening smoker. Some difficulty was encountered in apprehending Sec.-Treas. Murray Smith from wandering around with a sheaf of bills in his hand, selling everything but his shirt to the Freshmen. He was finally persuaded to read the minutes and things got under way.

The main business of evening involved a discussion of the possibility of strict medical examinations for Mining and Chemical Engineering students, intending to work in mines and industrial plants. It seems a tragedy that in some unfortunate cases, fellows graduate in Mining only to find that company examinations reveal their lungs are susceptible to solifox, or that they had T.B. before they were born. This bars them from all future activity in mines and certain other industries.

Dean Wilson gave a short talk, expressing his opinions on the subject. A committee was formed to look into the matter.

Professor Webb of the Civil Engineering Department presented a very interesting paper on the construction of the Edmonton High Level Bridge. Prof. Webb drew many amusing anecdotes from its historical background, dating back to Father LaCombe's first attempts at a bridge. We might add that Prof. Webb is rapidly becoming an institution in the Engineering Society, and his talks are much enjoyed by its critical and spirited members.

Refreshments in the form of cokes, smokes, great cogs of potato chips

were tossed to the wolves, who devoured same with great gusto.

They're at it again, folks. We hear how Saturday evening one slightly inebriated Engineer started this goldfish swallowing business again, while three pretty Freshettes looked on in awe. At the present rate of consumption we are inclined to believe that goldfish will soon become extinct as the mythical "Dodo Bird."

And yet sometimes we're not so sure the aforementioned bird is extinct. That incoherent crack in the last edition of "Signs and Symptoms" left us in a state of fog as to just what our friends, the "animated stiffs," meant.

However, in glancing over the rest of said column we wish to state that we will be greatly surprised if friend "Rowscope" doesn't walk away with that Mosenhalt Urinal Trophy filled to the brim. He's so full of it that, we are afraid, if he stood in a strong breeze, he'd become just a ripple.

An admonishment, fellows. It appears that the W.C.T.U., in collaboration with the S.C.M., have decided that our glorious yell, "Hoidy, Toidy," is blaspheming the air they breathe. Accordingly, they have informed the proper authorities to this effect. And so it is my painful duty to inform you one and all—and this is straight from the horse's mouth—that further choruses involving this yell must desist. Since it is punishable under the laws of the Criminal Code, further demonstrations might lead to interment of the Engineers in a concentration camp, or worse.

"Doodlebuggers" come upon queer sights in their travels o'er the country in search of oil, etc. An example of this was the sight of a goat sitting in an old-fashioned privy—eating an Eaton's catalogue. Well—he almost had the idea.

This N' That

By Marcel Lambert

Taking a lesson from their elder brethren that had to be repeated twice because it fized the first time, Freshmen this week plastered walls and pillars with posters, dodgers and even salvaged cardboard in the build-up for their elections. Rhyme, catchy slogans, sense and nonsense proclaimed the sterling qualities of the candidates.

Party government seems to have invaded these precincts. Unheard of and totally taboo till two years ago, slating has now become a common practice. The recent class elections saw a hot fight between the Engineers and Meds with Arts a poor competitor, weakened by an inherent split in the ranks. Now the Freshmen have followed suit, staging an Engineer vs. Unity (Ag-Arts-Com-Law) battle.

Candidates claim the system is cheaper and gives better coverage. Printing bills are cut down, but during the recent show we wouldn't have minded in the least being a printer. The stuff was ankle deep, even worse than in The Gateway office on a Tuesday or Friday.

However, in view of the results, why not call our class formal faculty dances? Each class seems to vote for a bloc, and your executives are either all Engineers or Meds, as is the predominant case this year.

Chalk up another victory for military training. Enlistments and a heavy training program have forced students at McGill University to cancel this year's production of their

Chucklets

By CHUCK GRAHAM (C.U.P. Release)

Confession . . . We might as well get it off our chest now.

Yessir, last year when Chuck just bothered the readers of one paper instead of running wild all across Canada, this was a gossip column. Now, don't go and discourage us by saying that it still is, after we spend all our time in the Exchanges looking for items of general interest.

Anyway, it's likely on account of that that we feel warmly toward our brothers-under-the-skin—the gossip columns in the different Canadian college papers. And we feel sorry about the things that seem to be happening to them. . .

Why Whisper? Other gossip columns have been getting into trouble. . . the Dalhousie Gazette's Pig Sty, so rumor has it, was censored by the Students' Council for being too efficient—it perhaps broke up a Council member's romance. The students, too, realize what a good job it does. . . an anonymous correspondent wrote me: "Our slanderous Pig is full of dirt. On publication day. He scorns the boys who dare to flirt. They find it doesn't pay! He digs up all our secrets, He drags them through his Sty, And when he's finally finished with them, Hanging's too good for that guy!"

Trans-Canada . . . But though this may be a general attitude, the fact remains that gossip columns flourish in college papers from coast to coast. To prove this to our mistaken Mount Allison friends, we present a few selections which we hope will appeal to all. Real names are not used.

"How often have you seen an item like this before? Why was that

mammoth musical revue Red and White. Practically all of the executive are on active service, and those left felt that they lacked enough experience to put over the big show. In addition, military activities make it difficult to hold rehearsals.

McGill campus will certainly miss Montreal's only musical show.

Story of the week: Feeling that his favorite candidate, President Roosevelt, might need his support, Edward Devlin, 19-year-old University of Alabama student, on the morning of November 5, came to a 66-hour speech in favor of Mr. Roosevelt. Only at one time did the youthful speaker come near collapse. This feeling quickly passed as he sat in a chair for a few hours—still talking.

Devlin said he decided to make the speech supporting Mr. Roosevelt because Democratic campaign workers "were becoming too confident."

Before you decide to name your favorite comedian, you should see a newcomer on the screen, George Formby, who panics audiences in a recent British film, "It's In the Air." With the necessary homely mug and a nasal musical hall voice, he falls out of trouble into more trouble faster than you can follow him. His antics as a bogus dispatch rider for the air force who accidentally goes up in a new type of fighter plane and really puts on a show as he pulls this lever and that, are a scream. When he is not up to his neck in some scrape, he sings catchy ditties. "It's in the Air" and "You can't fool me" are naughty but nice.

Saturday night suggestion: For a bang-up evening turn out with thousands of other citizens at the opening game of the Senior Hockey League when our Edmonton Flyers take on Elmer Piper's highly touted Turner Valley Oilers. Flyers this year have a smooth, speedy team. Eddie O'Keefe's boys should go a long way.

Before we go: It will be a close game, with the Flyers out on top.

1938 Chev parked down at 96th Ave. and 103rd St. at 3 p.m. last night?

"Any resemblance to persons or places in the above column is purely detrimental." — "Snerd's Sayings," University of Alberta Gazette.

The Law Ball started early for Jones and Smith. Such cokes were never served in the University Store; don't forget, boys—abstinence makes the heart grow fonder. — "The Pig Sty," Dalhousie Gazette.

Here's the brightest idea yea—you might call it a sandwich gossip column: " . . . Hitz's have received a grand new shipment of fall shoes . . . buck, of course, is the most popular, but blue and brown are close runners-up. . . who is the spectacular Rho Rho who has given his pin up, but comes to the Caf alone every day? . . . Ritz's specialize in expert fitting for your shoe, too . . ." — "Shopping With Mary Ann," U.B.C. Ubyssey.

"We see Mary has her finger broken. Why did you do it to her, Joan? Not because of a man, surely?" — "The Fifth Column," Western Gazette.

"Angora can be as much of a give-away as transplanted lipstick. . . The local Romeo doesn't like blue any more, after the trouble he had extracting that blue angora wool from his coat the other night." — "Scoop by Snoop," U.N.B. Brunswickian.

"Ann is featured in this week's Rebound Dept., having made a sensational one-hand catch of the younger Smith, who fell hard, flew high, and is falling hard again." — "The Spotlight," Acadia Athenaeum.

COURTROOM COPY

As you step from the hall into the Junior Law Library, you are struck by the appearance of a quiet dignity and concentrating minds which every surround you. After your eyes become accustomed to the smoky haze and your lungs adjust themselves to last week's air, you stumble through case books and hidden chairs to your place and heave a sigh of resignation, realizing that you must remain until 10 o'clock to get enough cases read for the next day.

At the professor's desk is seated one austere looking student, who peers up at you from behind a huge pile of books, and then lowers his head again, forcing himself to intense powers of concentration.

Suddenly a happy face looks up—"Say, have you heard the one about the . . . Knock, knock, knock, and the door handle begins to turn. "Oh, hell! I'll tell you later." The door opens, and in walk two girls in the class, having duly given the three-knock warning.

Although the fellows look sadly abused, they do not suffer much, for life and language both continue in about the same old way. Stories are now told in hoarse whispers so the girls won't be too embarrassed. But at the end of each crack, boys and girls alike burst into laughter, though several times the girls have "just remembered they had to meet someone outside."

"Did you read that case about Sullivan?"

"Yeah—that was where an old guy was sitting on a cart of potatoes, and some damn fool pulled out the trapstick. The old gent fell backwards under the load of potatoes."

"What a dignified way to die—smacking his dome on the pavement under a load of spuds!"

After a general discussion on cases, the army, dates and what have you, silence prevails once more. Suddenly someone asks, "Say have you done that 79th case in Contracts?" A loud cry is heard from all quarters. "Throw him out! The scab! Let's hide his books! Quit scabbing and go home!"

About 9:30 the door opens, and in walks one of the boys. "Hi, gang!"

"Say, are you sick? Are you sure you're all right? Gosh, are you going to do a case? Say, stranger, what brought you to the library tonight?"

"It's okay, boys. I just came in to read The Gateway."

With that the fellows relapse into quiet again. But the shock of seeing their friend in the library at night has quite overcome them, and they cannot even look wise.

"Oh, hell, what's the use? Let's go over to Tuck."

In one minute flat everybody has put on his overcoat and left. The lights are out, and a tired but happy library heaves a sigh of relief, settling down to await the next busy day. It doesn't know the score either, but it likes it.

But there are more serious moments. Just now the Seniors are worried stiff about the proposed beer fight. This very elevating aspect of the student mind is supposed to take place this Thursday, but unfortunately no one can locate the lad who was looking after everything. Too bad, boys, but perhaps he'll show up on Friday.

Anyone who wants a really lively time should listen to one of the Senior moots—magnificent examples of oratory and wit, guaranteed to keep awake anyone who is previously suffering from insomnia. Wonder what would happen to the good old Hollywood style of lawyer when he has to argue a case in real life?

Most pathetic story of the week: Dr. McIntyre's tale about his beautiful antique mirror that came out of the frame and revealed a home-brewed Edmonton Journal a mere ten years old. Such is life.

The Law students took such a personal interest in Sadie Hawkins' Week that they may like this true story, coming from the very heart of one co-ed "freshie": "I saw an interesting-looking fellow sitting in the library, so I asked him to a show on Saturday night. Just as we were walking along Jasper Avenue he stopped, informed me that his rubbers were too big to stay on, then took them off and asked me to carry them. And so I walked all the way down Jasper carrying those things in my hand. I'll never ask a stranger to go out with me again."



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Theatre Directory

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FREDERICK PHILLIP GROVE

A Manitoba Muse who Sings of Prairie Scenes and Prairie Life

By B. Henderson
Ed. Note.—This is the first of a series of articles appearing simultaneously in the student papers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba Universities, dealing with Canadian writers and artists.

What has been said of Thomas Hardy can also be said of Grove. He realizes the inextricable and somewhat paradoxical union between man and nature. But in this way Grove is unlike Hardy—he does not represent nature as a cynical, overpowering master engulfing his characters in the vortex of his passion. He conceives of nature as an integral part of man, but all that is good and beautiful, all that is divine. Nature to Grove does not command; rather man follows its course and adjusts himself to its vagaries so that he may live richer and truer. Basically, however, the two philosophers are identical—for Hardy's "man" and Grove's "man" are intrinsically ruled by a force unseen and unknown.

That the two are alike can only be attributed to the shuffling chromosomes. No two men were touched by the hand of fate in more different fashion. Whereas Hardy lived his life in urbane respectability, Grove has spent most of his life a wanderer.

Born in Sweden, 1872, the issue of a Swedish father and a Scottish mother, Grove emigrated to America in 1893 and again in 1896. His early experiences he has vividly portrayed in "A Search for America." In this book, originally three times its published length, Grove reveals himself as a man of fine sensibilities and resolute character. He is perhaps ostentatious of his obvious superiority over the common "American," but although the whole amazing narrative, from his unwitting association with a high class book racket to hobnobbing down the Mississippi, there is an underlying quality of modesty—a realization that he is but following the beckoning hand of fate to an unknown destination.

Mr. Grove finally became a school teacher in Manitoba. He graduated from the university and for many years was principal of the Rapid City High School. It was during this time that he met Prof. A. L. Phelps and Prof. Watson Kirkconnell of United College, Winnipeg, who were instru-

mental in having his works first published. At present he is farming in Simcoe, Ontario.

We are told that he is fluent in Swedish, German, French and, of course, English. Of these four his latter choice was English, and many of his earlier works were in the language of his home land. With this linguistic one would expect his writing to be polyglot indeed, but the reverse is the case. He writes in a fluid, simple manner, his lines often taking on the rhythm and metre of poetry, and always the song of a simple man with a simple tale to tell.

That this is true only reflects the intensity of the man. His English is indeed precise. His descriptions are unmatched for infinite detail. Let us make several quotations from "The Turn of the Year":

"For there is the difference still: Whereas in midwinter the surface of the snow, blown and moulded by the plastic force of the wind, is loose and powdery and, though sparkling and glittering in its minute, component parts, yet lustreless as a whole, it is now soft, finely matted ice which is highly polished. You cannot bear looking over it against the sun, for it reflects the light with a blinding glare. And there is a difference in color: wherever you see the small drifts of new snow: behind the woodpile, behind the trunks of the trees, and behind the older drifts, they are pure white; but this crust of old snow has a distinctly yellowish tinge."

On another passage, not so mathematically nice, but displaying more of the breadth and power of the author, we get this:

"... the sky was deep blue, in striking contrast with the white, floating clouds that dotted it. These clouds seemed to form and to dissolve as you looked on; their edges were ill-defined; there were huge bays and rents in them; and here and there would look right through the white expanses, as if into deep, bottomless lakes of blue... The weather was cheerful enough to all appearances; but behind or beyond it you sensed a deep gloom, a tension of all the forces of Nature, an equilibrium which was pre-eminently unstable, it was the gloom of the northern summer, next of kin to the summer of tropical jungles, and so very different from the northern spring."

In the latter passage quoted Grove is seen as the detached observer of life and its workings, but the detached is only momentarily, a short reprieve from his irrevocable union with mysterious and lugubrious forces.

A quick perusal of his style has perhaps been given best by A. L. Phelps in the preface to "The Turn of the Year." He says:

"... the quality of style in the handling of the written word that makes for clarity, precision, limpidity, the quality that sets words to their right use inevitably, making them the medium of expression, never permitting them to stand between the reader and the thing. In a sense there are no words in Grove's best pages; there is only the life of perpetual incident, the passing eternal glamour of existence, whether it be the existence of snow forms, cloud shapes, or rain, and leaf, and bird, or of men and women."

But there is something else besides style in Grove which is of paramount interest to us. He writes of the prairie, of the vast and various west, which we know so well and where our hearts involuntarily lie. It is useless to remark that to Grove the west is his passion. Coming from a strange land, as he does, it is remarkable that he should have caught the spirit of the west in such a veritable fashion. To do so he had to be observant of the little things—the minute changing color of the snow; the "sensed" presence of birds in the springtime; the curious alternate icing and melting of the snow from the cold nights and hot sun; the eternal glance to the west; the scenery of the clouds; which in cohesion make the prairie character. These are natural things the westerner has experienced so many times that they lose form and structure. It is Grove who focuses them again in our perception, then projects the individual scenes to recreate the total scene, of which we become a greater part.

This has no doubt been done before, with less brilliance perhaps, but

nevertheless of sufficient value to rob Grove of the innovator's laurels. But what author has caught the soul of the westerner so well? That much-berated creature has always been delineated as the swaggering cavalier of the century, his feet planted as the Colossus of Rhodes and his arm eternally bludgeoning nature. But is he? Is he not the same man that Euripides portrayed in his Bacchae, or Aristotle—wide-eyed and wondering before the eternal panorama of the gods? Grove portrays him as such and in truth he is.

"The great majority of things over-awe Grove, and he sees man as an insignificant thing. We are wrapped and enclosed by the immeasurable heights of woods 'decaying, yet never to be decayed.' We are enveloped by the mighty forests of creation, and Mr. Grove commends us to occupy our small minds with things in the space time world and to forget the greater things which we are incapable of ever knowing."

Thus has our contemporary, Robt. Moysie, stated the deep philosophy of Grove as related to society and man.

Man gropes his stumbling way on this sand-grain planet, searching for things he can never know. The sun, the moon, the vague mysteries of light, the blood-bursting dawn, the sharp crack of sunlight beating in, all these things are an enigma to the curious futile mind of man. The greater the area of darkness we explore the greater the unexplored darkness becomes, and we realize that perhaps there is no light. The voyage of discovery becomes a blind, stumbling, groping into seas uncharted, and we become engulfed in the morass of our own minds.

It is here that Grove becomes most like Hardy. His attitude to life is a classical one, and is without doubt of elemental truth. Grove recognized the "tragic flaw" that runs through life. To Grove, and Hardy, that flaw was his total ignorance in a plethora of unsolved mysteries. This ignorance is imposed on him—and to Grove, unlike the classical Greek interpretation, he suffered it regardless of his inherent goodness.

That Grove is practically unknown to the people of western Canada is only natural. Everybody in Canada seems to realize the futility of writing for the Canadian public but the writers. But withal, he is the vanguard of a new western culture which is cutting its way through the forest of "traditional" falsehoods current in Canada, and who will some day, perhaps, establish an art foreign to Canada and worthy of its grandeur.

Why Did The Peace Fail?

By Leslie Drayton

In my last article of this series I stated that many believed that the state of international anarchy was one of the principal causes of war. But there are other large schools of thought that hold decidedly different views on the question. One of the principal of these is what is known as the "outlawry of war" school of thought.

This school of thought was probably the foremost among pacifists in the period immediately after the first World War. In the U.S.A. in particular it was dominant. The central idea of its beautiful and highly idealistic philosophy is rather crudely expressed by "the best way to put an end to war is to refuse to fight." The more extreme of its adherents are the leaders and members of the various War Resisters' associations. Its more moderate adherents are the leading proponents of "all-in-arbitration" pacts, and such treaties as the Kellogg Pact.

The contribution of this school of thought to the cause of peace has been great. The War Resisters' International has succeeded in building an intense moral hatred of war. Excepting the odd Nazi and Fascist fanatic, the people of the world have been convinced that war is a thoroughly horrible institution. The hatred of war has become the most intense that it has ever been. It is a powerful factor in preventing wars. And rightly directed, this hatred can become the motive force to the building of the institutions that make stable peace. But of itself, it has failed miserably to prevent war.

Too, we have the "all-in-arbitration" treaties that have been signed since the first World War, of which there are more than two hundred. Many minor disputes that might have ranked for years between the signatories have been amicably resolved by machinery set up under these treaties. It might be added that even to this day not more than five per cent. of them have been broken. But the few that have been broken demonstrate their weakness. Germany had "all-in-arbitration" treaties with almost every country that she attacked. Can anyone contend that these treaties deterred Germany one minute?

Finally, the great achievement of the "outlawry of war" school was the Kellogg Pact. The signatories of this pact pledged themselves never to fight an aggressive war. The world on the whole was elated with the idea, and almost every nation endorsed it. Of course, many nations made neutralizing reservations. Yet, it was on the face of it a great achievement, for it set up a new vital moral barrier to war, for there can scarcely be a war in which neither side is aggressive.

However, the treaty also contained a great flaw. It did not define aggression. Thus no nation has admitted to itself, let alone to the world, breach of the Kellogg Pact.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)
MIKE ROWSCOPE

Last week's column carried the story of a grave struggle being carried out in fourth year Biochem. labs—that desperate struggle has culminated, it is believed, in sufficient material to flood the investigators with lab work for the remainder of the term. To Johnny Maxwell goes the earned recognition of his abilities as a leader in this field, the recognition taking tangible form in the winning of the well-known Mosenthal Urinal Trophy.

The University Medical Library carries many interesting texts and references, but among the most intriguing to come to our attention is "The Life of Jacob Henle," by Victor Robinson, M.D. The biographer has associated dry humor with an excellent humanistic interpretation of the factors which constituted the personal life history of this famous scientist, as well as presenting pure scientific facts in a beautifully flowing style.

Henle is known to a great number of Pure Science students, to a great number of Applied Science students, and to a variable number of Arts and Science students who are required to know, as we recall, the structure of Henle's Loops, in the kidney (remember?). But Henle is responsible for a vastly greater amount of scientific contributions, and for none more valuable than his stimulation for the acceptance of the realism-approach to science.

Henle was a normal youth, however, and more so a natural student. We quote a sample of correspondence to his parents which obviously was written near the end of the month. Quote:

"Money! Money! Money! I have nothing and I owe my friend Marhieu ten dollars. Money! I paid forty-six dollars for tuition, much for books, and twenty dollars for housekeeping. Money! Otherwise things are well with me, but Money! Money! Money! Last Sunday I visited Müller (Johannes Müller), who grows more congenial and friendly from day to day. He gave me some good advice. I remained there until

And let it be remembered, Russia, Japan, Italy and Germany are all signatories of the Kellogg Pact.

This is a brief outline of the strength of the "outlawry of war" school and its accomplishments. We have seen that its achievements are by no means negligible. Yet, on the whole, it has failed, badly. Why?

Of course, the natural response is that it did not receive adequate support; that a little more support would have turned failure to success. However, on the whole, the failure of these treaties would seem to demand a more fundamental reason.

If everyone refused to fight Hitler, where would he stop? For that matter, if everyone had refused to fight Al Capone, where would he have stopped? What is the difference between the two? Is it not, primarily, the greater force that Hitler controls? The man who wrote Mein Kampf should never have been permitted to become the ruler of a nation. But when Hitler was named chancellor of Germany there was no authority to say, "This man is an enemy of mankind, and accordingly unfit to rule these people." But this would require a world authority of some sort. So a fanatic was permitted to remain in power in Germany, and to practically dictate what the German people should think.

Breach of the "all-in-arbitration" treaties and of the Kellogg Pact did not worry Hitler in the least. His control of propaganda made it easy, by discoloring news of events, to morally justify all these acts to the German people. As for himself and his chief henchmen, they had already proven themselves devoid of moral scruples.

So it would appear that the "outlawry of war" is a vain gesture in the absence of some sort of international authority. With the moral force for peace built by this school directed towards the establishment and maintenance of a really effective international authority, such an authority should become stable.

evening. Professor Pudge, with his wife of eight days who has a very nice voice, came in the afternoon and invited me. But Money! Money!

"You see now that I could live in dulci júbilo if only I had Money! only Money! But quick. Although I am screaming for money, I need also write something else. I need eight yards for a cloak, and a fur collar. When you send this, also send me a pair of shoes, also my calendar which I left at home by mistake, a few pounds of sugar for the evening tea, and a good Mainz Ham. But above all, Money! Also forward to me Biot's Exper. Physics in four volumes. The next time I shall write you all about the University. Money! Money! Money! Cloth! Fur Collar! Calendar! Biot's Physics! Ham! Sugar! Money! Money! Money! Ham! Money! Cloth! Money! Fur Collar! Money! Calendar! Money! Physics! Money! Sugar!

Your eternally loving Jacob."

Henle lectured for extended periods after his graduation in Berlin, being called both to Zurich and Heidelberg, the greatest centres of learning at that time. It was while deep in his work at the former University that he underwent his last of a long line of romances. This was the fatal one, since it ended in his marriage. The pretty girl was a young maid at his lodgings, and as you now know, unlike most modern medical students, he legalized his passion by taking her as his wife. As Dr. Robinson says, this was a not uncommon arrangement in lettered circles.

Henle was always associated with the greatest names in European circles, and wherever he passed hours or years of concentration he left evidence of his great genius for original investigation. And so he died in 1884—valuable to the last day of his seventy-five years, a noble character for future M.D.'s to use as fitting material for enlightening biographies.

They say "A word to the wise is sufficient." Dr. MacEachran has said the word, Meds, and it is now up to us to prove wise, for the reputation of Medicals as an organized body in the past has at last caught up with us, and now we stand at the cross-roads.

The spirit of the Medicals has been regenerated—the executive of M. U. S. is an active one, and their standard is high. The question of the hour, however, is whether that new spirit is to evidence itself in Formal Medical functions or whether the old is to prevail over the new. In short, what standard is to be set at the Med Banquet for 1946? It is felt that a large number would prefer a much higher intellectual level than that heretofore reached at these affairs, and the executive must be prepared to break established custom; they must be willing to do this so that they may from this point forth, set precedents by which M. U. S. will in future be judged.

As a practical suggestion, why need there be cocktails before dinner is served? The grand rush for that popular but midged-sized table only seems to institute a form of assault and battery that is prolonged for the duration. Why not instead have cocktails served during the banquet, as so large a crowd seems to warrant. In that manner the committee could establish order, and more important, could have some measure of control over those who prove themselves like the "straws in the wind," i.e., in your hair.

It is rather late at this stage to discuss policy, but, as Henle has shown, emphasis is well developed by repetition. So to all who are attending the executive trusts that the affair this year will be "bigger and better than ever," but that we as adults and privileged members of society will conduct ourselves in a manner befitting the honor bestowed upon M.U.S. by the presence of the Faculty, the President and the Guest Speaker.

Campus Sketches

(First of a Series on Canadian Universities)
(A C.U.P. Release)

By DOUG WILSON, Queen's Journal

Queen's University is located in Kingston, Ontario, commonly called the "Limestone City," which contains approximately 23,000 people. The city contains some notable institutions. In addition to Queen's, there are R.M.C. and the Kingston Penitentiary. Following in the tradition of the city, practically all of Queen's buildings are built of limestone. There are almost thirty buildings, closely grouped around the campus.

This year Queen's is celebrating its centennial year. It was founded ninety-nine years ago by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, affiliated with the Church of Scotland, which, following the Scotch tradition, desired an educated Canadian ministry. The college grew slowly but surely, meeting and overcoming great difficulties. In 1854 the Medical faculty was established, which, after surmounting serious financial difficulties, has become one of the best in Canada.

In 1877, Dr. G. M. Grant became Principal, and under his direction the University increased in size and prestige. He knew Canada from coast to coast, and a vision of what she might be. He determined to implement this vision by making Queen's the national University she has since become. Today every province of Canada is substantially represented in the student body, not to mention those from the United States and foreign countries.

In 1893 the Ontario government founded the Ontario School of Mining. The school grew so rapidly that additional buildings had to be built. In 1916 it amalgamated with the University to form the department of Applied Science. Queen's is especially strong in its Mining Department. There is a very large number of students from the mining districts of Northern Ontario, and Queen's graduates are to be found wherever mining is carried on.

Queen's was founded by a Church, but was dedicated to the nation. As its constituency widened, its constitution was widened, until in 1912, as a result of an amicable agreement between the Church and the Trustees, an act was passed by the Dominion Parliament removing the last vestige of denominational control. The registration has grown from 665 in 1900 to 1,800 in 1940. In addition, Queen's has the largest extramural department of any University in Canada. Including the extramural department, there is a total registration of over 4,000. The last reminder of the old days is the Theological College, associated with the University and the Presbyterian Church.

"Queen's College colors we are wearing once again"—that's the way the college song begins. There's red for Arts, gold for Science and blue for Medicine, and hence Queen's teams are as frequently referred to as tricolor teams. The colors are strong ones and violent. They stand out and fight with each other, just as the faculties do, in friendly rivalry, but they also blend into the strong and enduring fabric that is Queen's. By the ruling of the Alma Mater Society, each freshman must wear all year a ribbon of his faculty color and a tam with a tassel of the same color.

The strong Scots flavor that Queen's had at its founding has lasted to this day. It lingers in the Gaelic names of buildings and in the Gaelic words of the yell. There is Ban Righ Hall, Gordon House, Macdonnell House, Muir House, the women's residences. It expresses itself in the bagpipes of the band and in the freshman tams. The yell goes:

"Queen's! Queen's! Queen's! Oil thig na Banrighinn gu-brath Cha gheil; Cho gheil! Cho gheil!" Literally translated, it proclaims "The house of learning of the Queen

forever. Won't yield! Won't yield! Won't yield!"

Queen's has always had a very strong college spirit, and supports its football teams regardless of whether they win or lose, whether their chances are good or poor. Even though Queen's might not have had a good team this year, students regret that the war has taken away football.

"Queen's College colors we are wearing once again, Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain, Yet another victory to wipe away the stain, So boys, go in and win."

That's the Queen's song, and it expresses the Queen's spirit. The worse the rain and the worse the mud, the better they play. It is sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

For the past eighty years the Alma Mater Society has been synonymous with "government of the students, by the students, for the students." It is probably the most democratic government of its kind on the continent. There as faculty spirit in the elections, but after election it is Queen's spirit. Through its executive it has control of all student activities, and through its Court it can impose discipline up to expulsion on any student. Because it is desired to keep the Queen's spirit, fraternities are forbidden at Queen's. Several years ago Queen's had a rugby team of championship calibre, of which several members belonged to a fraternity. The players were tried before the Court, found guilty, and at the expense of victory were removed from the team.

Queen's is a national institution; it is doing its part in the national emergency. It has cancelled all inter-collegiate sports, it has greatly enlarged the C.O.T.C., it is giving military training to all men over 18, it has founded a War Aid Commission, to which profits from many campus activities go. It is providing training for girls in the spheres in which they may be needed. Many undergraduates did not return to college, having joined the armed forces. In the words of its Chancellor at the recent convocation, "Queen's will carry on."

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Kitty Korner

By SECORD JACKSON

It seems that there is a great deal of criticism against The Gateway this year, and it is especially directed toward the "Bunk". The Kitty Korner and all the rest of the "Bunk". The intellectuals are crying for a heavier brand of material. Well, I tried. I stayed awake one night and tried to think of something constructive, instructive, heavy and yet interesting, and I'm sorry to say I didn't get anywhere. I hope you will forgive me, but please remember that you are not forced to read this!

Members of The Gateway staff must be working very hard these days. We hear one of them had to snatch forty winks at the Celebrity Series the other night—all through Beethoven and Brahms!

A donation from the Co-ed War Club (the proceeds of the never-to-be forgotten Dogpatch Dig at the Masonic Temple) was offered to the Wauneta War Workers last week and was accepted with the greatest of thanks. To all those who so kindly helped raise this money, the W.W.W. convey their sincere gratitude. The funds will be used for sewing and knitting materials.

Several of the harder working House Ecceers have already started their Christmas cakes for our men overseas. It has been suggested that a collection be taken among the students to supply our boys with cigarettes this Christmas. If ten dollars will buy three thousand fags, it would not take very much to see that our boys got their share. What do you think?

At one of the Eastern universities where women's war training is compulsory, the C.O.T.C. and Auxiliary Battalion held their first mass parade over the week-end. They asked the co-eds to line their route of march, and although we have not yet seen anything definite on the thing, we will bet a dollar to a hole in a doughnut that there were plenty of smiling faces on the road to church that morning. The spirit of these Eastern co-eds with regard to their war work is really great, and we doubt very much if they would have failed the lads this time.

One little mouse caused a great deal of excitement and amusement in The Gateway office the other evening. He was rustling among the lunch papers in the waste-basket, and was annoying one of our erstwhile German essay writers. 'Twould have made a wonderful Robert Benchly Show! Wonder if we could borrow the Tuck Shop kitten for a day or two?

The President of the Sophomore Class was not a little embarrassed on Saturday night when one of the patronesses at the Reception remarked to a guest:

"Mr. Willson makes a fine president. He speaks the names so clearly."

"And the unthinking guest replied: 'He ought to; he's been practising for weeks.'"

And then there was the poor young fellow who locked himself out of his car last Saturday after the Soph. Or should we say, the girl was poor and young? Which all doesn't make a bit of sense.

Co-ed's impressions of military drill after watching from the House Ec labs for a while:

I saw at least fifty boys out there, Deep-breathing in the pure fresh air, Marching or walking or maybe at rest, Oh, what form, and what a chest!

Lines so straight—and some crooked, too, Eyes to front, or looking at you, Arms both swinging, or waving hello, Silence broken by a "Yah" or "Hell, no."

And then from behind, or maybe in front, Comes an explosive, enlightening grunt: "Cupneeee . . . Heft Turd . . . Ford Much . . . Hip Hike, Hip Hike, Hip Hike . . . Ouch."

Three boys turn left, and three turn right And keep on marching out of sight, And others stand and gape and gaze, And stand and stand in a lazy daze.

And again from behind, or maybe in front, Comes that encouraging, helpful grunt: "Hokay cupneeee . . . I sed Heft Turd . . . Didn't I make myself heard?"

Cupneeeealt . . . Stadateeze . . . Chun! Ford March, Heft Hike, Heft Hike, One! Cartwheel . . . I mean Right Wheel . . . Ford . . . Heft Hike, Heft Hike, Heft . . . Oh, my Lord!

The throwing out of unconstitutional elections must be good for the school as a whole. Even the Freshmen are sticking goosy stuff all over the walls and plastering the halls with screwy signs.

Imagine his disappointment when he phoned her and said, "Hello, honey, this is Little Abner speaking," and she said, "O.K., Jack, whadayawant?"

Sorry.

CORRESPONDENCE

Edmonton, Alberta,
November 9, 1940.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In the issue of The Gateway dated Friday, November 1, you printed a request for letters expressing the students' opinions on the paper. In the issue of Tuesday, November 4, there appeared such a letter. In the following issue there were two replies to this letter. The first was an "Editorial Squib," in which it was remarked that the author of the letter belongs to "a certain class of people who spend all their time writing letters to newspapers even if they have nothing to say." The second was a letter devoted to comment on the intelligence of a student who has the temerity to criticize The Gateway.

Does not your "Editorial Squib" seem inconsistent with your request for letters? Or were you requesting letters of commendation only? Also you term the letter of the November 4th issue "unconstructive" criticism. At times a paper stands in greater need of destructive than of constructive criticism.

With regard to the letter of the November 8th issue, is the author a member of The Gateway staff? Or did some student diligently count the fifty-six items in the issue of The Gateway that was criticized?

Is any student who does not approve of a front-page write-up on the proposed social affairs ipso facto a mental case? Surely there is still room for difference of opinion as to what items should appear on the front page of The Gateway. One may or may not agree with another's opinion—nonetheless, most University students should have outgrown the habit of calling names when they find someone whose views differ from their own.

It is difficult to decide whether the letter by "Defender of the Press" is sincere or just a bad joke. For example, he remarks on "the morose who cannot grasp the subtle intelligence of The Gateway editorials." The intelligence of these editorials must be very subtle indeed. A large proportion of the editorials that have appeared in The Gateway since the beginning of the term have been merely commonplace, and any intelligent person would take exception to the tone of many of them. The attempt at sarcasm is, to say the least, childish. The editorial on the first Sophomore election and the recent article on the thieves are cases in point.

Articles in The Gateway have too often given the impression that the writers consider it their function to point out to the students what their attitude should be. A student who is not interested in athletic events, in certain clubs, and in student government affairs is beyond scorn. This is indeed a curious attitude. If the great majority of students show no interest in athletics it is either because the quality of athletics here is poor, or the students simply are not interested in that type of activity. In either case, they are entitled to their own decision as to what their attitude toward athletics shall be. Secondly, are the clubs formed for the benefit of the students or do they exist for the benefit of the clubs? If most students do not desire to take further part in student government after electing their Council, are they not entitled to follow their own wishes in the matter? In short, does not the staff of The Gateway, in attempting to form student opinion, mistake their function? Surely it is rather to reflect student opinion.

"Defender of the Press" goes on to say that the "fluffy stuff pervading the paper, like all fine things, requires a certain amount of taste before it is appreciated." In this connection, it is perhaps significant that the name of the features editor no longer appears on the masthead of The Gateway. Also, there was a time when the name of the Casserole editor appeared on the masthead.

Under any circumstances, there is no excuse for acrimonious treatment of a letter of criticism from any student. To descend to personal ridicule of such a writer is to assume a very childish attitude. Surely the staff of The Gateway will not make this their habitual attitude.

Yours sincerely,
SOPHIA GOGK.

Fees Zero at University B.C.

By A. V. Backman

Translated freely, the motto of the University of British Columbia means one of two things. "It is yours" or "It is up to you." For many years the true significance of the first translation, "It is yours," remained a secret. Last week, however, Dean Buchanan of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences dug into the past at the Fifteenth Annual Science Banquet to reveal an hitherto unpublished aspect of the U.B.C. motto.

"According to law," the Dean remarked, "the University of B.C. is the only institution on the North American continent where the fees are zero."

Assembled engineers with visions of \$223 per annum in fees perked up their collective ears. The Dean continued. "When the University was incorporated by an act of legislature," he revealed, "the provincial government said, 'Here it is; it is yours. Tuum Est.'"

One cynic had to ask, "What happened?"

One could have heard a pin drop. "Port Moody," the Dean replied, "is by law the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Two more statutes, at least, need revising.

FLUFFY STUFF ---- by B. J.

How do you all like the winter—in the middle of November? It's easy to pick out the campus skiers. They gloat, while the rest of us grumble and put on overstockings and various other woollier garments. Remember the girls' basketball team from Saskatchewan who visited us last year?—half of the girls wearing little leather laced-up boots with fur around the tops. Pretty nice, weren't they? Why, in the face of thirty below weather, don't we get ourselves a few pairs? (speaking collectively, of course!). The boys would tease us, we know, but then they tease us about everything we wear. Just to prove it, we heard a perfectly smart, fur-trimmed bonnet called a Daniel Boone hat, the other day.

Antidote for Sadie Hawkins: a mere man undertakes to let every one know just how he likes his girls. First and foremost he asserts, "I like them sweet." He says that the sweet girl seems to have gone out with the perfumed garter (who'd want a perfumed garter, anyway?), and that the Mean Girl has taken her place. The Mean Girl, he says, has plenty in the middle of her forehead, but would much rather be horrid than be very, very good (wouldn't you?). He calls it a Scarlet O'Hara fever. (Seems to us most of the fellows we all know would have no objections to a little Scarlet O'Hara—the urge which make girls stay up all night thinking up new ways of being mean.)

After all, mister, it's probably our instincts! Just to keep people guessing, maybe they know the worst! This pleasant gentleman also asserts that the mean girl probably pulled the legs off flies when she was a little girl and then graduated to bigger game! Once, he solemnly swears, he clasped his "then beloved" in his arms only to hear her murmur, "I wonder what it would be like to run over an old man?"

Seriously speaking, the nasty gentleman referred to above really seems to mean it when he says:

- (1) I like girls who can be amusing without being libellous.
- (2) I like girls who can pique your curiosity without cutting your throat.
- (3) I like girls who say what they mean half the time (like ordinary people!).
- (4) I like girls who keep things tranquil instead of in a turmoil.
- (5) I like girls who like me—the cold shoulder technique has been overdone. (A girl can get so interested in the subtleties of the chase she might fail to notice that no one was following her!)

Well, have you read, marked and learned? Personally, we think being sweet might be easier for most of us

—it doesn't take so many brains!

Foolish item: Stop and Go Socks. One bright red, the other bright green. "When one goes, the other stops." Wouldn't a co-ed freeze to death in two green ones, on account of not being able to move—while nothing could hold her with two red ones on! Yes, they sell them at the Bay.

Remember a while ago we were trying to figure out why everyone seemed to have a cold? Our friends at U.B.C. couldn't figure out the reason either, but write us that colds have many advantages, to wit:

"The advantages of having a cold are many. Neither does the smell of decaying frogs make students hasten when passing the Zoo lab! Nor does the delightful scent of HCl assail the nostrils of the chemistry students. When asked to translate a difficult passage in Latin, a student can whisper pathetically, 'I'm sorry, sir, I've lost my voice.' Young men obtain sick-leave from the army, and young women can spend an enjoyable afternoon shopping just by bringing in an absent slip."

(Then there was a remark about a fellow seeing his girl winking at someone else, and using an alibi that her eyes were watering. But we couldn't use that at U. of A.—the fellows are all pretty broad-minded about things like that.)

Gosh, you've got a cold—you lucky thing.

Run, Hose, Run
"No more stocking runs! To give an appearance of silk stockings milady may now paint her legs with 'skinthetic,' a compound which lasts for days and may be washed off with soap and water."

Send up rocks, break out flags, No more runs and no more snags, Cartwheel down the festive mall, No crooked seams, no seams at all. Touch off bonfires, toss confetti, Sneeze as anything by Petty. Tibias and ankles twinkle, Free from any twist or wrinkle. Ladies trilling like a thrush, Can put their socks on with a brush.

Svelte, imperious, gossamer-light— And wash them off, come Saturday night. Gone the searching in despair, Through tangled heaps for "One Good Pair." Just spray from arch to dainty knee A reasonable facsimile, A trend that, with the right facilities Has fascinating possibilities!

By the way, did you know that Sadie Hawkins spread to the Calgary Normal School last week? Well.

Essentials of Criticism

Thomas Carlyle was definitely in the wrong when he said: "We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad." The students on this campus have revolutionized the art of criticism. Carlyle's idea on this matter is now obsolete.

The tactics of the modern critic follow certain rules. To begin with, a critic must close his mind to any modification of his point of view. He must sincerely believe that his point should be accepted without question, and must immediately fortify himself against the caprice of logic. If this attitude is taken he might consider himself legally exempt from the ridicule of his fellow students.

Having thus prepared himself, he must make quite sure that the majority of opinion is against him. In so doing the appearance of martyrdom is attained. This is a very important point. College students like nothing better than to argue over the merits and demerits of the current campus martyrs. It provides conversation for the dinner tables in the residences. Before beginning an actual criticism, the critic must blot out, obliterate, any good points which the matter under fire may possess. This will display his disdain of Carlyle's hollow comment; his belief in the superiority of a campus mind over that of a genius.

Now to present his criticism. It must be destructive. This is essential. Students of today live in a world of anarchy and devastation, and consequently thing along these lines. Constructive criticism would only bring down the ridicule of the student body on any critic. Any criticism of constructive nature is frowned upon as being puerile. It brings out the deeper qualities of which we are so ashamed.

While drawing up a criticism along destructive principles, it must be borne in mind that no remedy should be offered. Remedies are banal. They have no point in the question. To present a remedy would only afford the opposition a chance for criticism in return. This chance should never be given. Remedies were supplied for all difficulties, then there would soon be nothing left to criticize. Therefore, a critic must make sure that the object of his criticism has no answer, no remedy for its trouble. This is accomplished by selecting a point for criticism that is a figment of the critic's own imagination. Criticisms of actual faults, if any, have a bad habit of offering resistance. Such resistance is undesired. It displays the mental weakness of the critic far too readily, and after all, isn't the purpose of most critics today to get into the limelight? To display their wis-

dom and superior ideals before the common herd?

As a further guard against ridicule an aspiring critic might follow a line of criticizing ideals. This is a very good method. Ideals are Utopian thoughts which cannot be counteracted by mundane facts. Ideals present a theoretical case, and by introducing a few "if such were introduced than such would follow" the issue can be clouded and confused. In comparison, the facts presented in rebuttal will appear small and inconsequential, no matter how true.

Therefore, any aspiring critic must keep these points in mind. The mind must be blind to facts. The critic must set himself up as a martyr. He must convince himself of the superiority of his own opinion no matter how great the opposition. All criticism must be destructive. No remedy should be presented unless it is impractical and idealistic. If these points are kept in mind an aspiring critic can justly expect to create a chaotic upheaval pleasing to himself and a small following which will represent a selfish opinion of the few opposed to the desires of the many. Remember, a man is nothing, if not critical.

C.S.A. Encounter Some Difficulties Furthering Plans

War Situation Hinders Assembly

Toronto (C.U.P.).—The Canadian Student Assembly is having difficulty carrying on as usual, it was revealed recently by the executive.

Owing to the unsettled conditions caused by the war, it has been found difficult to carry out organization, they said.

Plans had included the continuance of the scholarship campaign, a study of curriculum changes, the promotion of freshman orientation and better English-French relations in Canada, it was learned.

It was hoped that the open meetings of the Toronto Student Assembly for the purpose of discussing policy and program would be continued. It is expected that this program will be somewhat restricted.

The membership is open to representatives of all recognized campus groups and faculties, and all interested students, they said.

Every two years members from all across Canada meet at a national conference to discuss their common problems and decide on measures to improve student life.

On Remembrance Day!

Twenty-two years ago the world again rejoiced. When harmony returned to stay, and songs of peace were voiced. When soldiers of all colors, broken, battered, torn, Came back from war and blessed once more the day that they were born.

"Thousands died o'er there," they said, "and thousands more were lost; But peace has come to us at last, even at such a cost, We bless the dead, the heroes, for them our heads we bow. 'The price was great, the peace was late, but that's all over now.'"

Old enmities forgotten, old hatreds buried deep— The world was out to hold its own, and hopefully to keep. The brotherhood of all, a sacred thing, and blessed, And so for years, amid the cheers, true peace was at its best.

But not for long did hate still, and not for long was dead: Full soon the greed of selfish men had raised its ugly head. So Spain and China suffered as they suffer even yet And smaller ones have lost to Huns and fallen in the net.

And now the whole world tears itself apart as limb from limb Its body falls to pieces and its future fast grows dim. Can God save us from this mess and put us right again?

"Experiences teaches," so he preaches, "experience filled with pain." S. J.

son in the world why Ism State couldn't, unless, of course, their hands were too small. Apparently, rather than admit this, Hitler agreed to play on. And so the game will continue.

Ism State still has the ball with one down and fifteen to go. Adolph Hitler looks a little ruffled, but he is out there talking with the best of them. He seems to be reshuffling the team again, and this time he will go to snap. No, he's calling the signals, so I guess he's quarterback. Wrong again, he is over the ball. He snaps it out. But there is no one there to receive it. He has sent the whole team to the bench. He runs back, catches his own snap, kicks the ball, and is running down under it. What a man! He's the whole team! It's so dark I can't see the ball. But someone is coming off the field. It looks like Joe Stalin. It is Joe. He has something under his arm and something else under his sweater. But he was one of Ism State's best men. I wonder if he could be hitting something over on poor old Ad—. "Deutschland über alles. Heil Hitler. Dieses ist Berlin. Gute Nacht."

Spring Cleaning Philosophy Dept. Doubles Classes

Political Philosophy Popular

VANCOUVER, Nov. 4 (C.U.P.).—The "Standing Room Only" sign has been taken down from two classrooms at the University of B.C. Students had to stand or sit on the floor in two philosophy courses until larger rooms could be obtained. Enrollment in these courses has doubled since the Department of Philosophy underwent "spring-cleaning" two years ago.

Philosophy 9, a course as modern as the modern woman, deals with political and social philosophies (nazism, fascism, communism and democracy). Attendance has reached 75 students. When the enrolment in Philosophy 1, general philosophy offered for the amusement of freshmen, reached 115, a larger room had to be obtained.

"Courses have been spring-cleaned during the past two years," Prof. J. A. Irving, head of the Department of Philosophy, declared. "Our text is 'The Modern State,' the greatest defense of democracy written in this generation."

Agricultural Professor Urges Adoption Modern Methods

VANCOUVER, Nov. 4, (C.U.P.).—Calling for the resurgence of the "pioneer spirit" of past generations, Dean P. M. Clement of the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of B.C. urged adoption of modern agricultural technique and learning. "Today we pioneer in new ideas, not new farms; in new methods, not new lands," he told assembled Aggie students from the interior and lower mainland of the province.

Medical Biochemistry

There was a keratinized Druid, Whose eyes were extremely obscured; His wife said, "My dear, If you lay off the beer And take Vitamin A, you'll be cured."

If your body lacks Vitamin D, It's like calcium lack, don't you see? For your bones become soft, You go bats up aloft, And your heart stops in diastole.

Weep and you're called a baby, Laugh and you're called a fool, Stand and you're called a coward, Smile and you're called a mule. Frown and they'll call you silly, Put on a front like a millionaire And someone will call you bluff.

THE IDEAL CO-ED

From the start, let it be distinctly understood, That this is an idle, idle dream; No co-ed can Or could.

But dreams are seldom tete-a-tetes, And something more discreet is needed, To dance with, Romance with, And take to the Royal on Fridays.

Herewith the specifications: Two eyes, Two lips, The usual number of teeth; One nose, One neck, But only one chin underneath.

A body like Lamour, A face like Lamarr, A technique pour lamour, A lot above par.

Her lips must have sweet warmth, but should Not smear; (Let these be cold, Ice-cream, March rain, And beer.) Few things more I'd add; Smiles—sweet, sudden, sad; A goodly sense of humor, Magic in her eyes, A strong inability To analyze my lies.

Her repertoire should not include A giggle; And when she walks The proper curves Should jiggle.

She must dance like Rogers, Or else not at all; She should know the Dodgers Finished second this fall.

She should be able to tell at the first Glance, a hint; And above all be aware that I Don't own a bank Or the mint.

And nuts to sophistication.

—O.A.C. Review.

Nature Study

A man sat underneath a tree, He felt a raindrop fall, He mopped his bad spot tenderly, It wasn't rain at all.

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children velly white. Is velly strange!" "Well . . . Occidents will happen."

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Badminton Club Proves Popular

To Play in Provincial Meet

The Badminton Club is having a successful season. There has been a large turnout, and enthusiasm over the game has been remarkable this year. There are forty-four paid-up members already, with more expected in the near future.

The club started the season with a round robin tournament, which was won by Bob Blackmore and Jimmy McLean. About thirty players were present. Since then enthusiasm has grown, and every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evening students come to play in the gymnasium. Memberships cost one dollar and birds may be purchased from the club at 32c each.

Later in the year the club will hold several tournaments, and probably some social function. Also teams will be selected to play in the Alberta Provincial and Edmonton City tournaments.

Memberships may still be obtained from Jack de Hart, the secretary-treasurer. Newcomers are urged to turn out whether they have ever played before or not.

Macbeth Interfac. Basketball Head

Appointment of Bob Macbeth as manager of interfaculty basketball comes as welcome news to hoop enthusiasts all over the campus. Bob will help Mr. Pantan arrange details for interfaculty games, and will also do most of the refereeing. He has long been connected with basketball in high school leagues, at the Y.M.C.A., and he also took refereeing school from Mr. Henderson, assistant coach of the world famous Grads. Interfaculty basketball should sprout high, wide and handsome under his able guidance.

The Sino-Jap situation looks rather yellow, the situation in Africa looks black at present and is a bit of a Boer, while the European activity is a Nazi bit of business.

PACIFIC BARBERS

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Physical Director Reorganizes Interfaculty Athletic System; Central Committee In Charge

Representatives from Each Faculty to be on Sport Committee

TWO NOT NAMED

Tuesday, November 19th, marks the opening of a new interfac athletic system. This new system is centralized through the Department of Physical Education, and run by a committee on which each faculty has a representative.

The faculties represented and entered in the various contests for the remainder of the year are: Education, Tom Siddal; Arts, no selection; Commerce-Law, Glenn Tracy; Pharm-Dents, no selection; Engineers, Jack Yates; Meds, Ben King; Aggies, Harry Leggett.

Pantan Selects Hoopster Squad

After several weeks of strenuous practice, Coach Pantan has selected what he believes to be one of the strongest basketball teams to ever wear Alberta colors. The entire last year's squad, with the exception of one player, has returned, and in addition to these there are six new members. Members of the 1940-41 team are: S. Moscovitch, Elfeher, H. Shortliffe, Younie, McElroy, Brown, Cameron, Anderson, Dixon, Shector, McLean, Webb, Horsfield, Fletcher, Nielson, Dobson.

An attempt is being made by Coach Pantan to arrange some exhibition games at Varsity with the Y.M.C.A. teams. Although no definite game is scheduled, it is expected that as soon as possible the Bears will be given a chance to show how good they really are. With so many veterans on the team, it should really be a good season for the 1940-41 edition of the Bears.

Mr. Pantan hopes to receive the utmost co-operation from the faculty managers, so that the program will run to the best benefit for all; therefore, will Arts and Pharm-Dents please send a representative to the Physical Education Office, 132 Athabaska Hall.

Mimeographed sheets of league rules and schedules will be sent to each faculty manager in ample time to permit him to organize a team.

Basketball starts on Nov. 19 and continues until late January. Volleyball and hockey will commence after Christmas. Ping-pong will start the last week in November and continue until March. If possible, swimming, boxing, wrestling, deck tennis and badminton will be included.

The object of this system is to include many activities covering the whole year, thus the interests of many may be touched.

Each sport works under a point system leading to an interfaculty champion at the end of the school year. The point system works as follows:

Basketball—Entrance 50, First 125, Second 100, Third 85.
Ping-pong—Entrance 35, First 100, Second 85, Third 70.

Each student will be able to get full details from his faculty athletic manager.

The Physical Education Office will be open during the following hours: Mon.-Wed., 9:30 to 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.; and Friday, 1 to 2 p.m.

There will be an interfaculty bulletin board in the Arts Building. Please keep posted on all announcements.

Basketball games next week will be the following:

Nov. 19—Com-Law vs. Arts, 8:30, Athabaska Gym; Pharm-Dents vs. Aggies, 9:30, Athabaska Gym.
Nov. 21—Meds vs. Engineers, 8:30, Athabaska Gym; Pharm-Dents vs. Education, 9:30, Athabaska Gym.

Outdoor Club Renovates Cabin

Work on New Well Near Completion

Work at the Outdoor Club is progressing steadily, but slowly. The steadiness is the result of the efforts of a few old faithfuls; the slowness is the result of a lack of new faithfuls. Norm Lawrence and Dan Pickett have been digging a well for nearly three weeks now, and a lot of dirt has been hauled since then. This well is really something to see. It is at least six feet long and about four wide, and they tell us it is twenty-five feet deep. There is, however, no water yet. Sunday afternoon the boys were working on the cribbing, as it is rather dangerous to go down without some support on the sides.

This last long week-end was supposed to be a work week-end at the cabin, but the weather severely hampered those who did turn out to offer their services. The brush on the hill has been partially cleared, though there is a lot of work yet to be done. There are scythes and axes at the cabin for those willing. The fires work wonderfully with a little coaxing, and offer ample heat for the tired and weary. There is an ample supply of coffee and canned milk, but no food to speak of. You bring your own if you want it. Anyone who would like to donate a few old (or preferably new) records to the club is certainly welcome to do so.

The radio has been repaired once again by a couple of proud mechanics, and it works wonderfully. Not only is there to be a well—if there is to be a well—but plans are being started for a lean-to kitchen on the east side of the cabin. A carpenter will be hired for the purpose of building the addition, and it is expected that it will be completed for the winter months.

FENCERS NOTE

All fencers please note that the Fencing Club party has been postponed for a week, and will take place Monday, Nov. 25. Place, St. Joe's Auditorium; time, 8:30 p.m.

This year a number of newcomers have turned out to the practises, and under the able instruction of Leonard Gads they are rapidly learning the tricks of the foil. It is not yet too late for beginners to join this club—both girls and men are welcome. So if you want a sport that gives you poise and grace as well as plenty of fun, come to St. Joe's gym every Monday and Thursday evening from 8 to 10 p.m., and join the Fencing Club.

BEAR BITS

By GEORGE MATHEWS

Comments by the Sports Editor of the Ubyssy, official publication of the U.B.C. Publication Board, seems to be entirely out of line with the facts. That column, fearing the loss of the Hardy Trophy, stated that the cup should not be allowed to leave the coast campus until the Thunderbirds competed for it. Another kick was that the college was left completely out of arrangements when a schedule was drawn up.

This misguided individual must remember that due to the short season in the mid-west, it has always been the custom for the first round to be played between Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta, with the final taking place at U.B.C. This year intercollegiate sport was not allowed till late in the season, but teams were reorganized, and the first loop played off as soon as possible. As soon as this seemed to be finished, due to weather conditions, Alberta challenged U.B.C. to a series—and were refused. Yet weather conditions at U.B.C. were, and from recent reports still are, favorable. Why the Thunderbirds did not want to play us is their own secret, but this column believes they must have heard about the strength of the 1940 edition of the Bears.

At any rate, they cannot expect to keep the trophy if they were not willing to defend it. From this corner it looks like a default. Alberta was the only member of the league to win a game, so if anyone is to take the trophy it should be this college.

Another point regarding U.B.C. is their unwillingness to enter into intercollegiate sport of any kind. It has been many years since they have entered any team besides the football squad. It would seem that they could floor a good basketball team as well as have entries in swimming, assault-at-arms, and possibly hockey. Other western colleges bear the expense, so why can't they?

Athletic Director Pantan has done a real job of organization of interfaculty sport. Two faculties are still not represented on the committee, however, so if the Arts and Pharm-Dents want to have a say in the running of interfaculty sport this year, they had better appoint men to report to Athletic Director Pantan immediately.

Bears Hockey Squad Promises Be Another Championship Team

Moher Looks for New Stars Among Fresh Students

TOUR UNDECIDED

According to word received this morning from President of Hockey George Stuart, the University of Alberta hockey team is really shaping up to all expectations. A number of workouts have been held at the Arena, at which a very worthy number of enthusiastic hockey players have been battling for positions on the team. A number of stars, who are newcomers to the U. of A. hockey ranks, are out fill the positions left vacant by such old stars as Stanley, MacKay, Chesney and others.

Another practise will be held at the Arena on Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m., at which the team, or as near as possible the regular team, will be chosen. From this time on the team will have regular workout periods to get ready for the forthcoming hockey season.

As yet no word has been received from any of the hockey teams on the itinerary of the proposed tour of the team during Christmas week. Because of this fact, nothing definite can be given as to the possibility of making the trip. However, it is hoped that sufficient guarantees will be obtained from the various teams to make it possible for the Varsity team to make the tour, and show outsiders just how good a team the University of Alberta can produce.

Wrestlers Meet For Tournament

Beginning intensive workouts that will culminate with an interfaculty tournament some time near the end of January, the Wrestling Club is holding its practises every Tuesday and Friday from 4 to 6 p.m. The interfaculty tournament will be held in conjunction with the Boxing Club and the Fencing Club, and will take the form of an assault-at-arms. This tournament will serve as an elimination competition where an intercollegiate team will be picked. Saskatchewan, and possibly Manitoba, will compete for intercollegiate honors against Alberta near the end of February, the first tournament to be held at Saskatchewan.

Everyone interested in wrestling is urged to attend practises if they wish to try for a place on the team.

Swimmers Plan Busy Campaign

Swimmers have a big program lined up for the year. This includes interfaculty competition, possible meets with Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and mixed meetings among themselves.

The club has now got under way, meeting every Wednesday night at 8:15—the boys at the Y.M.C.A. and the girls at the Y.W.C.A.

Coach Jim Pantan is attempting to get meets with Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Everyone is urged to turn out immediately in order to try out for the intercollegiate team, and also to be eligible for the "A" pins. The beginners need not be afraid to come, for Mr. Pantan will be there to coach all those who want help.

A mixed swim will be held on December 4th, so let's go now and be ready for it.

New Light System to Be Used Illuminate Open Varsity Rink

Planned by Works' Department

WILL BE UNIQUE

Although U. of A. students will be denied the use of their covered rink for this season at least, they will enjoy a fine well-sheltered open-air ice sheet now in process of construction. Situated on the Varsity grid directly in front of the bleachers, the rink will be protected to some extent from drifting snow and west winds. Work is going ahead rapidly on the project, and with good luck and good weather, two weeks should see as fine a surface of ice on the new outdoor rink as there is in the city.

An outstanding feature of the Varsity open-air rink will be its original and unique flood-lighting system. Unlike most rinks, Varsity's will employ a battery of powerful mercury-vapor bulbs situated on 14-foot posts around the edge of the rink. This scheme, planned by engineers of the University Works Department, is designed to give a maximum of bright shadowless lighting with a minimum of reflection and blind spots. White-light bulbs will be employed to insure the required brilliance. Hockey goals will be especially well illuminated, as the arrangement is such that several beams will converge on them from various angles.

As there will be no additional charge for skating tickets this winter as there has been in former years, with a reasonable amount of good weather a better attendance is looked for throughout the season. No schedules have been drawn up as yet, but with Golden Bear practices, exhibition games, residence table hockey and interfac games as well as skating three or more times a week, the new rink will be put to good use. So get out your rusty blades, folks, and be ready for a good season's fun on your A cards at the new Varsity rink.

Track Stars Elect Executive

At the meeting held Tuesday night in the Med building, Cec Compton was elected president, Doug Galbraith secretary, and Ernie Parsons and Henry Dombrowski on the executive. Mr. Pantan was made honorary president. It was decided that the club should meet the first Monday of the month.

Mr. Pantan then took over, and gave a short talk on track spirit and possibilities. He said that our main problem here in the west is to arouse enthusiasm. To be successful a track team must be interested and willing to work. The possibilities of an indoor meet were discussed. The main trouble with our meets is that they are too lengthy. They should be more compact to draw supporters.

Mr. Pantan told how scientific races may be worked out. Here he cited the case of Phil Edwards, who worked out his race in Toronto before going to run in the Los Angeles meet.

Mr. Pantan also described his trip to the British Empire Games in Australia, and the warm welcome given by the City of Honolulu to the Canadians as they stopped there on the return trip.

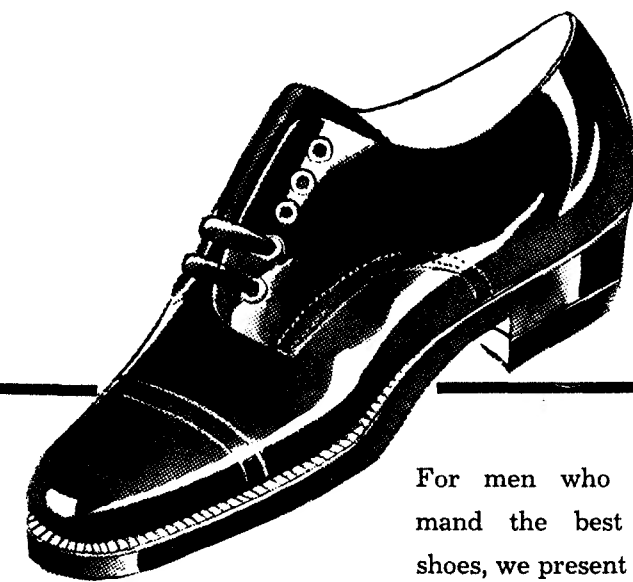
The club was then shown pictures of our interfac meet and of the west coast meet.

The next meeting is called for Dec. 2. Come on out, all you track enthusiasts. You don't know what you're missing.

NOTICE

Will all men who still have rugby equipment in their possession, please turn it in to Central Check as soon as possible.

JACK MILLER,
President of Rugby.



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